THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FIRESIDE THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Wind and Night

Will quest, though in silence, live forbidden lovers. —*Bailey*

The wind is blowing o'er the lea,
The clouds hang heavy in the sky,
And 'gainst my window silently
The snow a bank is drifting high;
I cast my weary eyes about,
But there is naught to yield delight,
'Tis bleak and desolate without,
But here, within, 'tis warm and bright.

So drop the curtain, mend the fire,
And draw the table near the blaze:
Though winter's dreary day may tire,
Its night of comfort well repays.
We close the door, and wind and storm
Is banished, an unwelcome guest;
Its moan and beat, subdued, but form
A contrast to our peace and rest.

Thus ever in life's gloomy hour,
When all without is dark and drear,
Our sorrows seem to lose their power
Whene'er we turn within for cheer;
The storms may rage in fury wild,
The crested waves about us roll,
Yet we will sit serene and mild,
Here by the fireside of the soul.

Bethany, Missouri.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MISSES DUNN AT HOME—A MEETING.

For several years after the separation of Hunter and Hunter, things went on smoothly: at least, there was no event sufficiently marked that we need linger to trace it. Each had a flourishing business, though Mr. Hunter had some difficulty in staving off embarrassment in the financial department; a fact which was well known to Austin Clay, who was now confidential manager—head of all, under Mr. Hunter.

He, Austin Clay, was getting towards thirty years of age. He enjoyed a handsome salary, and was putting by money yearly. He still remained at Peter Quale's, though his position would have warranted a style of living far superior. Not that it could have brought him more respect: of that, he enjoyed a full share, both from master and men. Clever, energetic, firm, and friendly, he was thoroughly fitted for his post—was liked and esteemed. But for him, Mr. Hunter's business might not have been what it was, and Mr. Hunter knew it. *He* was a broken-spirited man, little capable now of devoting energy to anything. The years, I say, had gone on, many of them, bringing us down to the present times.

A hot evening in Daffodil's Delight; and Daffodil's Delight was making it a busy one. Uninterrupted prosperity is sometimes nearly allied to danger: or, rather, danger may grow out of it. Prosperity begets independence, and independence often begets assumption—very often, a selfish, wrong view of surrounding things. If any workmen had enjoyed of late years (it may be said) unlimited prosperity, they were those connected with the building trade. Therefore, being so flourishing, it struck some of their body, who in a degree gave laws to the rest, that the best thing they could do was to make it more flourishing still. They began to agitate for an increase of wages, which was to be accomplished by reducing the hours of labor, proposing to work nine hours per day instead of ten. They said nothing about relinquishing the wages of the extra hour: they would be paid for ten hours and work nine. The proposition was first put by the men of a leading metropolitan firm to their principals, and failing to obtain it, they threatened to strike. This it was that was just now agitating Daffodil's Delight.

In the front room of one of the houses which abutted nearly on the gutter, and to which you must ascend by steps, there might be read in the window, inscribed on a piece of paper, the following notice:

"The Misses Dunn's, Milliners and Dressmakers. Ladies' own materials made up."

The composition of the *affiche* was that of the two Miss Dunns jointly, who prided themselves upon being elegant scholars. A twelvemonth's apprenticeship had initiated them into the mysteries of dressmaking; millinery had come to them, as Mark Tapley would say, spontaneous, or by dint of practice. They had set up for themselves in their father's house, and could boast of a fair share of the patronage of Daffodil's Delight.—Showy damsels were they, with good-humored turned-up noses, and light hair; much given to gadding and gossiping, and fonder of dressing themselves than of getting home the dresses of their customers.

On the above evening, they sat in their room, an upper one, stitching away. A gown was in progress for Mrs. Quale, who often boasted that she could do any work in the world, save make her own gowns. It had been in progress for two weeks, and that lady had at length come up in a temper, as Miss Jemima Dunn expressed it, and had demanded it to be returned, done or undone. They, with much deprecation, protested it should be home the first thing in the morning, and went to work. Four or five visitors, girls of their own age, were performing the part of lookers-on, and much laughter prevailed.

"I say," cried out Martha White—a pleasant-looking girl, who had perched herself aloft on the edge of a piece of furniture, which was a low chest of drawers by day, and turned into a bed at night—"Mary Baxendale was crying yesterday, because of the strike; saying it would be bad for all of us, if it came. Ain't she a soft?"

"Baxendale's again it, too," exclaimed Miss Ryan, Pat's eldest hope. "Father says he don't think he'll go in for it at all."

"Mary Baxendale's just one of them timid things as is afraid of their own shadders," cried Mary Ann Dunn. "If she saw a bull a-coming at the other end of the street, she'd turn tail and run. Jemimer, whatever are you at? The sleeves is to be in plaits, not gathers."

"She do look ill, though, does Mary Baxendale," said Jemima, after some attention to the sleeve in hand. "It's my belief she'll never live to see Christmas; she's going the way her mother went. Won't it be prime, when the men get ten hours' pay for nine hours' work? I shall think about getting married then."

"You must find somebody to have you first," quoth Grace Darby. "You have not got a sweetheart yet."

Miss Jemima tossed her head.

"I needn't to wait long for that. The chaps be as plentiful as sprats in winter; all you have got to do is to pick and choose. I say, me and Mary Anne had the finest spree last night! We went to the new concert-room, and wore our new spotted muslins. We paid a shilling apiece, and the singing and the chandeliers was lovely. Us and the Cheeks went together. It wasn't over till half-past eleven, and mother began screeching at us for stopping out so late. 'As if we could part with the young ladies afore, Mrs. Dunn!' cried Dick Cheek, who had beaued us home. And she said no more, for father he came in then, from the 'Bricklayers' Arms,' and he had took a drop too much; so mother she left us to begin upon him. Wasn't it prime?"

"What's that?" interrupted Mrs. Dunn, darting into the room, with her sharp tongue and her dirty fine cap. "What's that as was so prime, Miss?"

"We are a-talking of the strike," responded Jemima, with a covert wink to the rest.—"Martha White and Judy Ryan says the Baxendales won't go in for it."

"Not go in for it!" raved Mrs. Dunn.—"What idiots, then! Ain't nine hours a day enough for the men to be at work? I can tell the Baxendales what—when we have got the nine hours all straight and sure, we shall next demand eight. 'Tain't free-born Englishers as is going to be put upon. It'll be glorious times, girls, won't it? We shall get a taste o' fowls and salmon, may be, for dinner then!"

"And a crinoline apiece!" said Judy Ryan.

"My father says he does not think the masters will come to if the men do strike," said Grace Darby.

"Of course they won't—till they are forced," returned Mrs. Dunn, in a spirit of satire. "But that's just what they're a going to be. Don't you be a fool, Grace Darby!"

"Mother!" shrieked out a young voice from below, amidst choking sobs, "Jacky's a-taking the treacle! He's a swallering of it down with all his fingers, and he won't leave me none! Mother-er-er-er!"

"Jacky," raved out Mrs. Dunn, in return, "if you don't let that treacle alone this minute, I'll come down and give you the sweetest basting as ever you tasted."

Lotty Cheek rushed in.

"What d'ye think?" cried she, breathlessly. "There's a-going to be a meeting of the men to-night in the big room of the 'Bricklayers' Arms.' They are a-filing in now. I think it must be about the strike."

"D'ye suppose it would be about anything else?" retorted Mrs. Dunn. "I'd like to be one of 'em! I'd hold out for the day's work of eight hours, instead of nine, I would. So 'ud they, if they was men."

Mrs. Dunn's speech was concluded to an empty room. All the girls had flown down, and into the street, leaving the parts of Mrs. Quale's gown in closer contact with the dusty floor than was altogether to their benefit.

The agitation in the trade had hitherto been chiefly smouldering in an under current, but it was rising now to the surface. The meeting of this evening had been hastily arranged in the day; it was quite an informal sort of affair, and confined to the operatives of Mr. Hunter.

Not in a workman's jacket, but in a brown coat dangling to his heels, with a slit down the back and ventilating holes for the elbows, first entered he who had been chiefly instrumental in calling the meeting. It was Mr. Samuel Shuck; better known, you may remember, as Slippery Sam. Somehow, Sam and prosperity could not contrive to pull together in the same boat. He was one of those who like to live on the fat of the land, but are too lazy to work for their share of it. Slippery Sam considered it a crying, personal wrong, that there was not some benevolent bank, or philanthropic public kitchen, to supply folks with plenty of good things gratis.

"Well," began Sam, when the company had assembled, and were furnished with pipes and pewter pots, "you have heard that that firm won't accept the reduction in the hours of labor, so the men have determined on a strike. Now, I have got a question to put to you. Is there most power in one man, or in a few dozens of men?"

Some laughed, and said, "In the dozens."

"Very good," glibly went on Sam, whose tongue was smoother than oil. "Then, the measure I wish to urge upon you is, make common cause with those men; we are all not obliged to strike at the same time; it will be better not; but by degrees. Let every firm in London strike, each at its appointed time," he continued, raising his voice to vehemence. "We must stand up for ourselves; for our rights; for our wives and children. By making common cause together, we shall bowl out the masters, and bring them to terms."

An aged man, Abel White's father, usually called old White, who was past work, and had a seat at his son's chimney corner, leaned forward and spoke, his voice tremulous, but distinct.

"Samuel Shuck, did you ever know strikes to do any good, either to the men or the masters? Friends," he added, casting his venerable head around, "I am in my eighthieth year; and I picked up some experience while them eighty years was passing. Strikes have ruined some masters, in means; but they have ruined men wholesale, in means, and body, and in soul."

"Hold! there!" cried Sam Shuck, who had not brooked the interruption patiently; "just tell us, old White, before you go on, whether coercion answers for British workmen?"

"It does not," replied the old man, lifting his quiet voice to firmness. "But perhaps you will tell me in your turn, Sam Shuck, whether it's likely to answer for masters?"

"It *has* answered for them," returned Sam, in a tone of irony. "I *have* heard of back strikes, where the masters were coerced and coerced, till the men got all they stood out for."

"And so brought down ruin on their own heads," returned the old man, shaking his. "Did you ever hear of a lock-out, Shuck?"

"Ay, ay," interposed quiet, respectable Robert Darby. "Did you ever hear of that, Slippery Sam?"

Slippery Sam growled—

"Let the masters lock-out if they dare! Let 'em. The men would hold out to the death."

"And death it will be, with some of us, if the strike comes, and lasts. I came down here to-night, on my son's arm, just for your good, my friends, not for mine. At your age, I thought as some of you do; but I have learnt experience now. I can't last long, any way; and it's little matter to me whether famine from a strike be my end, or—"

"Famine?" derisively retorted Slippery Sam.

"Yes, famine," was the quiet answer. "Strikes never yet brought nothing but misery in the end. Let me urge upon you all not to be led away. My voice is but a feeble one; but I think the Lord is sometimes pleased to show out things clearly to the aged, almost as with a gift of prophesy; and I could only come and beseech you to keep upon the straight-forrard path. Don't have anything to do with a strike; keep it away from you at arm's length, as you would keep away the evil one."

"What's the good of listening to him?" cried Slippery Sam, in anger. "He is in his dotage."

"Will you listen to me, then?" spoke up Peter Quale, "I am not in mine. I didn't intend to come here, as may be guessed; but when I found so many of you listening to Slippery Sam, and bending your steps this way, I thought it time to change my mind, and come and tell you what *I* thought of strikes."

"*You!*" rudely replied Slippery Sam. "A fellow like you, always in full work, with the biggest wages, is sure not to favor strikes. You can't be much better off than you are."

"That admission of yours is worth something, Slippery Sam, if there's any here have got the sense to see it," nodded Peter Quale. "Good workmen on full wages, *don't* favor strikes. I have rose up to what I am by sticking to my work patiently, and getting on step by step. It's open to every living man to get on as I have done, if he have got skill and pluck to work. But if I had done as you do, Sam, gone in for labor one day and for play two, and for drinking, and strikes, and rebellion, because money, which I was too lazy to work for, didn't drop from the skies into my hands, then I should just have been where you be."

"Is it right to keep a man grinding and sweating his life out for ten hours a day?" retorted Sam. "The masters would be as well off if we worked nine, and the surplus men would find employment."

"It isn't much of your life that you sweat out of you, Sam Shuck. And, as to the masters being as well off, you had better ask them about that. Perhaps they'd tell you that, to pay ten hours' wages for nine hours' work, would be the hour's wages dead loss to their pockets."

"Are you rascal enough to go in for the masters?" demanded Sam, in a fiery heat. "Who'd do that, but a traitor?"

"I go in for myself, Sam," equably responded Peter Quale. "I know on which side my bread's buttered. No skillful workman, possessed of thought and judgment, ever yet went blindfold into a strike. At least, not many such."

Up rose Robert Darby.

"I'd just say a word, if I can get my meaning out, but I'm not cute with the tongue. It seems to me that it would be a great boon if we could obtain the granting of the nine hours' movement; and perhaps in the end it would not affect the masters, for they'd get it out of the public. I'd agitate for this in a peaceful way, in the shape of reason and argument, but I'd not like, as Peter Quale says, to plunge blindfold into a strike."

"If look at it in this light, Darby," said Peter Quale, "and it seems to me it's the only light as 'll answer to look at it in. Things in this world is estimated by comparison. There ain't nothing large nor small *in itself*. I may say, this chair's big; well, so it is, if you match it by that there bit of a stool in the chimney corner; but it's precious small if you put it by the side of a omnibus, or of one of the sheds in our yard. Now, if you compare our wages with those of workmen in most other trades, they are large. Look at a farm laborer, poor fellow, with his ten shillings (more or less) a week, hardly keeping body and soul together. Look at what a man earns in the mining districts in the country; fifteen shillings and his beer, is reckoned good wages. Look at a policeman, with his pound a week. Look at a postman. Look at—"

"Look at ourselves," intemperately interrupted Jim Dunn. "What's other folks to us? We work hard, and we ought to be paid according."

"So I think we are," said Peter Quale. "Thirty-three shillings is *not* bad wages, and it's only a delusion to say it is. Neither is ten hours a day a unfair or oppressive time to work. I'd be as glad as anybody to have the hour took off, if it could be done pleasantly; but I am not going to put myself out of work and into trouble to stand out for it. It's a thing that I am convinced the masters never will give; and if Trollope's men strike for it, they'll do it against their own interests—"

Hisses and murmurs of disapprobation from various parts of the room interrupted Peter Quale.

"You'd better wait and understand, afore you begin to hiss," phlegmatically recommended Peter Quale, when the noise had subsided. "I say it will be against their interests to strike, because I'm sure, if they stop on strike for twelve months, they'll be no nearer getting their end. I may be wrong, but that's my opinion. There's always two sides to a question—our own, and the opposite one: and the great fault in everybody is, that they look only at their own side, and it causes them to see things in a partial view. I have looked as fair as I can at our own side, trying to put away my bias *for it;* and I have put myself in thought on the master's side, saying to myself, what would *I* do, were I one of them. Thus I have tried to judge between them and us, and the conclusion I have drawed is, that they won't give in."

"The masters have been brought to grant demands more unreasonable than this," rejoined Sam Shuck. "If you know anything about back strikes, you must know that, Quale."

"And that's one of the reasons why I argue they won't grant this," said Peter. "If they go on granting and granting, they may get asking themselves where the demands 'll stop."

"In 1833," spoke up old White again, "I was working in Manchester, and belonged to the Trades' Union: a powerful Union as ever was formed. In our strength, we thought we should like a thing or two altered, and we made a formal demand upon the master builders, requiring them to discontinue the erection of buildings on sub-contracts. The masters fell in with it. You'll understand, friends," he broke off to say, "that, looking at things now, and looking at 'em then, is just as if I saw 'em in two opposite aspects. Next, we gave out a set of various rules for the masters, and required them to abide by such—about the making of the wages equal; the number of apprentices they should take; the machinery they should or should not use; and other things. Well, the masters gave us that also, and it put us all cock-a-hoop, and we went on to dictate to 'em more and more. If they—the masters—broke any of our rules, we levied fines on 'em, and made 'em pay up; we ordered them before us at our meetings, found fault with 'em, commanded 'em to obey us, to take on such men as we pointed out, and to turn off others; in short, forced 'em to do as we chose. People might have thought that we was the masters and they the operatives. Pretty well that, wasn't it?"

The room nodded acquiescence. Slippery Sam snapped his fingers in delight.

"The worst was, it did not last," resumed the old man. "Like too many other folks, emboldened with success, we wasn't content to let well alone, but went on a bit too far. The masters took up their own defence at last; and the wonder to me now, looking back, is, that they didn't do it before. They formed themselves into a Union, and passed a resolve to employ no man unless he signed a pledge not to belong to a trades' union. Then we all turned out. Six months the strike was on, and the buildings was at a standstill, and us out of work."

"Were wages bad at that time?" inquired Robert Darby.

"No. The good workmen among us had been earning in the summer thirty-five shillings a week; and the bricklayers had just had a rise of three shillings. We was just fools: that's my opinion of it now. Awful misery we were reduced to; every stick and stone we had, went to the pawn shop; our wives was skin and bone, our children was in rags; and some of us just laid our heads down on the stones, and awoke with God—clammed to death."

"What was the trade in other places about, that it didn't help you?" indignantly demanded Sam Shuck.

"They did help us. Money to the tune of eighteen thousand pounds came to us; but

INTERIOR OF A LOG CABIN OF ONE OF THE UNION REGIMENTS, NEAR FREDERICK CITY, MO.

we was a large body—many mouths to feed, and the strike was prolonged. We had to come to at last, for the masters wouldn't; and we voted our combination a nuisance, and went humbly to 'em, like dogs with their tails between their legs, and craved to be took on again upon their own terms. But we couldn't get took back; not all of us; the masters had learnt a lesson, and had got machinery to work, and had collected workmen from other parts, so that we was not wanted. And that's all the good the strike brought to us. I came away on the tramp with my family, and got work in London after a deal of struggle and privation: and I took a oath never, God helping me, to belong willingly to a strike again."

"Do you see where the fault lay in that case?—the blame?—the whole gist of the evil?"

The question came from a gentleman who had entered the room as old White was speaking. The men would have risen to salute him, but he signed to them to cause no interruption—a tall, noble man, with a serene self-reliant countenance.

"It lay with the masters," he resumed, nobody replying to him. "Had those Manchester masters resisted the first demand of their men—a demand made in the insolence of power, not in need—and allowed them fully to understand that they were, and would be, masters, we should, I believe, have heard less of strikes since, than we have done. I never think of those Manchester masters, but my blood boils. When a principal suffers himself to be dictated to by his men, he is no longer a master; or worthy of the name."

"Had you been one of them, and not complied, you might have come to ruin, sir," cried Robert Darby. "There's a deal to be said on both sides."

"Ruin!" was the answer. "I never would have conceded an inch, had I known that I must end my days in the workhouse through not doing it."

"Of course, sir, you'd stand up for the masters, being hand in glove with 'em, and likely to be a master yourself," grumbled Sam Shuck.

"I should stand up for whichever side I deemed in the right, whether it was the masters' or the men's," was the emphatic answer. "Is it well—is it in accordance with the fitness of things, that a master should be under the control of his men? Come! I ask it of your common sense."

"No." It was readily acknowledged.

"Those Manchester masters and those Manchester operatives were upon a par as regards shame and blame; and I make no doubt that both equally deemed themselves to have been so, when they found their senses. The masters came to theirs: the men were brought to it."

"You speak strongly, sir."

"Because I feel strongly. When I become a master, I shall, if I know anything of myself, have my men's interests at heart; but none of them shall ever presume to dictate to me in the smallest particular. I would never brook it. If a master cannot exercise his own authority in firm self-reliance, let him give up business."

"Have masters a right to oppress us, sir?—to grind us down?—to work us into our coffins?" cried Sam Shuck.

The gentleman raised his eyebrows, and a half smile crossed his lips.

"Since when have you been oppressed, and ground down into your coffins?"

Some of the men laughed—at Sam's oily tongue.

"If you *are*—if you have any complaint of that sort to make, let me hear it now, and I will convey it to Mr. Hunter. He is ever ready, you know, to—What did you say, Shuck? The nine hours' concession is all you want? If you can get the masters to give you ten hours' pay for nine hours' work, so much the better for you. *I* would not: but it is no affair of mine. To be paid what you honestly earn, be it five pounds per week or be it one, is only justice; but to be paid for what you don't earn is the opposite thing. I think, too, that the equalization of wages is a mistaken system, quite wrong in principle: one which can bring only discontent in the long run. I conclude that you have met here to discuss this agitation at the Messrs. Trollope."

"Trollopes' men are a-going to strike," said Slippery Sam.

"Oh, they are, are they?" returned the gentleman, some mockery in his tone. "I hope they may find it to their benefit. I don't know what the Messrs. Trollope may do in the matter: but *I* know what I should."

"You'd hold out to the last against the men?"

"I should; to the last and the last: were it for ten years to come. Force a measure upon *me!* coerce *me!*" he reiterated, drawing his fine form to its full height, while the red flush mantled in his cheeks. "No, my men, I am not made of that yielding stuff: I think I have more of the bulldog in me than the cowardly cur. Let me be fully persuaded that my judgment is right, and no body of men on earth should force me to act against it."

The speaker was Austin Clay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A man in Erie has, after much thought, brought out an invention which promises to be a great thing. The invention consists of two padded cushions, one of which is to be strapped on the back of the young skater's head, and the other to the back of his coat tails. It is supposed that managers of skating parks will at once order a supply for the use of their patrons, for, when using the cushions, a person may fall ever so hard without cracking the ice.

☞ A four year old of our acquaintance being asked by his parent if he had said his prayers every night during his absence from home, replied, "No, *but I counted a hundred!*" Too many grown up people are thinking of their accounts when they should be saying their prayers.

☞ Before thou marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

DEATH IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

WILLIAM WALLACE LINCOLN, the second son of the President, died in the White House on the 20th ult., in the twelfth year of his age.

There are very few loyal citizens of the Republic but will sympathize deeply with the President and Mrs. Lincoln in this hour of affliction. Never has there been a President upon whose shoulders a greater load of care and of the most serious responsibility has been laid. The afflictions of the nation, one would think, were quite enough for its official head, without those of a domestic character being allowed to come upon him. But in the orderings of Providence, it has not been so written—and to the brain and heart already quivering under the awful weight of a nation's distracted state, comes the added pang of a domestic sorrow. May the Great Comforter, the Divine Consoler of lacerated hearts, be with the Chief of our people in this hour of anguish.

CAVING IN OF THE REBELLION

The events of the last few weeks would seem to indicate a rapid caving in of the rebellion. The surrender of Roanoke Island, with its 3,000 rebels—the capture of Fort Donelson, with its garrison of over 13,000 men—and of the one or two additional regiments who either have strayed accidentally into our hands, or given themselves up of choice—the inability of Price to maintain himself in Missouri, and the defeat of his rear-guard in Arkansas—the rumors of the revival of the Union feeling in Tennessee and Alabama—the almost certain capture of Nashville—the probable capture of Savannah—in fact almost every indication from every quarter, seems to denote that the rebellion, which made so great a show, is about to collapse like a soap-bubble.

And yet we trust that too much confidence will not be reposed in these favorable indications. Let our armies go into the disloyal states prepared for the worst—for the stronger they are, the more rapid will be the returning tide of Union sentiment. As it is everywhere else, it is in the South—there is nothing that the large masses of men have so much faith in as success. Succeed, and the majority of men will acquiesce in what they cannot prevent. It is astonishing how even the more intelligent and independent classes will do homage to that which is able to stand without their homage. Witness, for instance, the case of Louis Napoleon.

Yes, were secession armies this day occupying Philadelphia and New York, thousands of our now loyal fellow citizens would be displaying the stars and bars, and swearing they had always thought the South grossly insulted and imposed upon. And when our armies occupy the rebellious states, it will be the same—yes, and more so, for there is doubtless no small amount of true Union feeling in the South, while there may be almost said to be no true secession feeling in the North; what seems to be it, being nothing more generally than an old party habit of following the Southern lead.

Well, for our late victories, we have to thank, mainly, General ACTION. After making due allowance for the difference between a wisely concerted plan of attack and a bad one, the great thing, after all, when you have the superiority in men and metal, is to press forward and attack the enemy wherever you can find him, choosing of course the more assailable points in his line. Gen. Halleck, it will be observed, says that he owes more to Gen. Hunter than to *any* other person out of his department, for the success at Fort Donelson—because General Hunter furnished him with troops which he greatly needed. While Secretary Stanton, in his letter to the *Tribune*, probably hits the nail right upon the head, when he says:—

We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now, and by us, in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua—by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by Gen. Grant's message to Gen. Buckner:—"*I propose to move immediately on your works.*"

Now that the day of Inaction has passed, and the hour of Movement and Action has come, we may look forward to great results. Already, we think, the probability of European Intervention has faded far into the background. Those who have advocated an active and vigorous policy—believing that we could not afford to await the results of inaction—may well feel rejoiced at the great successes which such a policy has already achieved.

A COMMERCIAL correspondent of the Daily Times says that Mr. Van Wyck has only to summon before his committee all the parties who have made sales of ships to Morgan, to learn of corruptions and swindles that will totally eclipse anything contained in the report of eleven hundred pages which he has submitted to Congress.

It is easy to say, "go on, Van Wyck," but any man who does go into such a business, must expect to meet in return with an immense amount of detraction and abuse. While we hope that Col. Van Wyck will do what the above paragraph recommends, we also hope that the press generally of the country will refuse even to insert any charges to his disparagement, and thus give him their support in the most effectual manner.

THE NEW GUNBOATS.

We perceive from the debates in Congress, that among the most earnest advocates for the appropriation of fifteen millions of dollars to build new gunboats, were two of our Philadelphia representatives, Messrs. Kelly and Davis. This is precisely what might have been expected from the enlarged and liberal views of the gentlemen in question.—They know that it will not do for a great nation to live by sufferance—that we must be prepared to hold our own against the navies of European powers, their iron-clad and steel-plated steamers included.

There is some doubt as to the expediency of imitating the huge leviathans of France and England. Mr. Davis said in his recent speech in the House:—

I was better satisfied when the Secretary of the Navy described them as to be of light draught, swift steamers, and to be armed by a few guns of the largest calibre, thus forming the most effective war vessel, in my opinion. Some time ago the fashion ran in the direction of the largest sized men-of-war.—And the three decker, with her hundred or more guns, floated the terror of the seas; but the introduction of the heavy Dahlgren, and eleven, twelve, or thirteen-inch shell guns, throwing shells of that size laden with fire and destruction to the largest ship, has led naval men to question the wisdom of the old many-decked, wall sided, leviathans of the deep, and they look now to the low, single-decked vessel to avoid this terrible fire by exposure of little surface, or by iron and steel armor to shield themselves from the effects of the shells; and I have no doubt that further experience will confirm the wisdom of the Secretary's recommendation to increase the number of truly formidable vessels, such as we are now launching from our Navy Yards, and entitled gunboats, ships of one thousand tons, high-speeded propellers, or side-wheel steamers, with limited crews, and armed with five or six guns, whose shot would batter the ribs of the Warrior or Black Prince in spite of their 41-inch armor.

A short time since, at the launching of one of these gunboats, and viewing her truly formidable armament, I inquired of a naval officer his opinion as to her capacity to meet a certain fifty-eight gun frigate that had, in threatening style and parade, left the docks of England for our coast. He replied that, "with that gunboat, thus armed, he would blow her out of water." And I do not regard this as an idle boast; for I believe the old-fashioned Nelsonian fifty and seventy-four gun ships, whether sailing or screw, armed with their twenty-four, thirty-six, and forty-eight pounders, are no match for the agile, handy, long-reaching modern gunboat, with her 11-inch shell traverse guns.

Sir, I am satisfied that this appropriation of $15,000,000, the increased activity of our shipyards consequent thereon, and the launching of one hundred and fifty such war ships as I have described, added to the twenty armored ships of larger power, and the sudden equipment of the navy that already, at Port Royal and Roanoke, is reviving the memories of 1814, will furnish ground for serious thought and cogitation to the gruff old bull-dog who has been snarling and snapping at us during this rebellion.

These gunboats cost, it would seem, about $60,000 to build, and as much more for their engines. The number to be built will be therefore about one hundred and twenty-five; or one hundred and fifty if each can be finished for $100,000.

Upon one point, however, we are a little in the dark. We thought that at Port Royal it was not the gunboats, but the large, old-fashioned steam-propellers which won the victory. Undoubtedly the enemy would have blown Com. Dupont out of water if they could have obtained the proper range; but he managed, by keeping always in motion, and varying his distance at every circuit, to prevent them from doing this.

We see it stated that the Navy Department has invited proposals for the construction of a number of these gunboats. Those needed for the Mississippi River are to draw but six feet of water, and have a speed of nine knots an hour; those for harbor defence are to draw not more than twelve feet, and be able to maintain a speed of ten knots; those for coast defence are to draw not more than twenty feet, and have a speed of fifteen knots. Let us trust that before the lapse of many years, we shall be able to bid defiance, if need be, to the threats of a combined Europe. As our fathers said, so must we say:—"Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute."

OUR EUROPEAN FRIENDS.

The State Department has received cheering dispatches from our Ministers in Europe. They all agree that Foreign Powers, however desirous that the war may be closed, will not intervene at present. A stay of proceedings is granted, some say for six months, and some for sixty days. If at the expiration of this term of grace the rebellion does not appear to be upon its last legs, France and England will be heard from.

When they get the news of the last few weeks, we think our foreign "friends" will be satisfied that the "sick man" is so much better, that there is no need of their being in a hurry to be in at the death, in order to get their fair share of his effects. He is very thankful, to-be-sure, for their stay of proceedings for "six months," or even "sixty days." As things look at present, it will be enough.

In the old times, we have heard, it used to be the custom to put great sufferers, when near their end, "out of their agony," by the proper use of a pillow applied over the mouth. This Union, in its hour of extremity, would doubtless find similarly kind friends in France and England. It is what might be called smothering kindness.

PILLOW AND FLOYD.

The fly in the ointment of the Fort Donelson victory, was the escape of Pillow and Floyd. Not that these generals are of any great consequence in a military point of view, but it would have been such a treat to see them. Barnum doubtless would have paid half the expenses of the war, for the privilege of exhibiting them throughout the country at twenty-five cents a sight.

Floyd, of course, as there was nothing else to steal, stole a march upon our troops in the night. We think, when we catch Floyd, he should be tried for theft, and sent to the penitentiary.

As for Pillow, he must be improving in his knowledge of military affairs since he was in Mexico; for he evidently knew which was the right side of the ditch—for himself—this time.

Secession is made up of three elements, Despotism, Foolish Gasconade and Theft.—Jeff. Davis represents the first, Pillow the second, and Floyd the third. As for the Secession of such men as Alex. Stephens, it is not a positive element at all, it is merely the negative one of weakness.

PRETTY GOOD.

The *London Punch* used to be a favorite with us, for while it always went in for fun, it had a conscience, and levelled its shafts at the various powers of evil. But recently, it has followed the lead of *The Times* in endeavoring to prejudice its readers against the cause of Union and Justice in America. In view of this faithful squiring of the *Times*, the *London Star* gets off the following, which is from quite as keen a lance as any wielded lately in *Punch* itself:—

THE KNIGHT AND JESTER OF THE PERIOD.

In days of old, when might was right,
Each strong-armed but beef-witted knight,
Had a buffoon among his vassals,
Bedecked with bells, and bobs, and tassels,
Whose scurrile jest supplied the want
Of wit in his superior,
The master's powers of mind being scant—
Decidedly inferior.

This jester's duty was to flatter
His master's friends, his foes bespatter,
And back him up in every matter.
Now once again in days of steam,
Telegrams and artillery,
A modern anti-type I seem
To find of ancient chivalry!

Sir Times rides pompous through the land,
Laying down law with iron hand,
Clothed *cap-a-pie* in shining mail;
And on his mule, face turned to tail,
His jester, *Punch*, trots after;
And every word the great man speaks
The fool chimes in with silly squeaks
And addle-pated laughter!

THE MAINE MEN.

Dr. Bellows, in a recent lecture at Portland, Maine, said:—

Maine soldiers suffered more from sickness than the troops from other states. Where 50 out of 1,000 men were sick in Massachusetts regiments, 125 were sick in Maine regiments. This was owing, first to the fact that our men were less used to a confined life than those living in denser settled states. They were accustomed to being in the open air, and doing as they pleased, and the routine of military life bore hard upon them. Then again, like all people who dwell among mountains, and along the rivers and sea coast, they were subject to homesickness. This in some Maine regiments had almost amounted to demoralization. Thirdly, people who live in sparsely settled regions do not have children's diseases when they are children; the families live too far apart for them to spread among them; consequently when they come together in the army they are struck down with measles and other contagious diseases.

As the measles are very prevalent now among children, perhaps the parents may take some comfort from the last clause of the above.

What is said about the homesickness of the Maine regiments is curious indeed. It is the first we have heard of such a complaint in the army. And among the Maine men, too. Who would think that any one would long, in Winter, for a climate where the mercury is in the habit of settling down to and below zero?

AMUSING.

The reply of General Buckner to General Grant's demand for "an unconditional and immediate surrender of Fort Donelson," is one of the most amusing on record:—

"The distribution of the forces under my command incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compels me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose."

"Brilliant success of the Confederate arms"—Gen. Grant did not see it probably in that light. And not being "one of the chivalry," but simply a Northern "mudsill," he could not be expected to do aught else than demand an "immediate surrender," under penalty of an immediate onward movement. By the way, we should like to ask Buckner, whether a black flag was raised on the Fort the day previous to the hanging out of the white one—and if so, which was the most "chivalrous" banner?

MEXICO.

The allied powers appear to be throwing off their mask relative to our sister Republic. We read the following in the Washington correspondence of the *Inquirer*:—

Mr. Plumb, who brought here the treaty which Mr. Corwin has negotiated, is said to express his confidence that if our Government will advance a few millions of dollars for the payment of the Mexican bonds held in Europe, the English and French armies will be withdrawn. As for Spain, the Mexicans think that they can take care of her single-handed. * * * * * * *

The assertions in several newspapers that the Senate has ratified a treaty with Mexico, loaning her a large sum of money for the payment of her foreign creditors, is believed to be incorrect, nor does it appear, on inquiry of those who should know, that such a treaty is even before the Senate for ratification.—Nevertheless, the propriety of framing such a treaty may have been a subject of discussion at the recent protracted Executive sessions, and it is known that the able head of the State Department has taken great interest in placing Mexican affairs before Senators.

But the advices received by Secretary Seward, by the Kangaroo, must put an entirely different aspect on our relations with Mexico. The foreign powers, disregarding the "Monroe doctrine" in this our hour of weakness, appear anxious to overthrow the Republican Government of Mexico, and to erect a throne there, under the guarantied protection of their fleets and armies.

The candidate for the crown of the Montezumas is the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria; and Gen. Almonte, at the last advices, had gone to formally make him the offer of sovereignty. He is said to be a lineal descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella, during whose reign Mexico was first made a Spanish province, and to have the confidence of the Roman Catholic Church.

If he is to be thus sent here, we need not undertake to pay the creditors of his impoverished and distracted country; but it may be a question whether we will permit such a step. It is not impossible that armies now in hostile array may fight shoulder to shoulder under the old flag, against an attempt to fix a foreign yoke upon our sister republic.—Mark this prediction.

Without feeling a great deal of faith in the concluding paragraphs of the above, we may say that the course which appears to have been resolved upon by the allied European powers relative to Mexico, is not compatible with the security and independence of any nation on the American Continent.

IN EARNEST.

The first execution under our laws punishing the slave-trade as piracy, took place in New York last week. That moment, the slave traffic of unprincipled merchants in our Northern cities, received such a blow as it had never received before. When these gentlemen find that the administration is in earnest, they will begin to see less fun in this profitable but infamous business. President Lincoln deserves the thanks of the country, and of the friends of humanity everywhere, for resisting the strong influences brought to bear upon him, urging the mitigation of the sentence. The old Mosaic law said justly—"He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, shall be put to death."

CLARKSVILLE TAKEN—RUMORS FROM TENNESSEE—THE PEOPLE DISGUSTED WITH SECESSION—EXTRA SESSION CALLED.—Gen. Halleck has sent the following dispatch to Gen. McClellan:

HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 20, 1862. To Major-General McClellan:

Clarksville is taken, with supplies enough to last our army for twenty days. The place is occupied by General C. F. Smith's Division.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—Special dispatches from Cairo to the Republican and Democrat of this city, say that on Tuesday two rebel regiments from Clarksville came to Fort Donelson and gave themselves up, saying they had been deceived, and were tired of fighting against the old flag.

It is declared that a strong objection will be raised by the Tennesseeans against the force which retired from Bowling Green offering battle at Nashville.

The Provost Marshal at Clarksville sent to Gen. Grant to come up and occupy the town at once.

The officers of the gunboats now lying there represent the Union feeling as being very strong. The people state that they had been made to believe that the Union army was entirely composed of Germans and negroes for abolition purposes, but now they see it is not, they are anxious to return to their allegiance. Prominent citizens say that a similar feeling will prevail throughout the whole state in a week. Gov. Harris has called a meeting of the Legislature next Monday for the purpose, it is said, of having all the unconstitutional acts passed by them immediately annulled, and Tennessee officers and citizens declare that the state will soon be back in the Union.

Gens. Buckner and Johnston are still at Fort Donelson. Gen. Cullum has sent sixty nurses and ten surgeons to attend the wounded at Mound City.

Nearly all the Fort Donelson prisoners have reached St. Louis, and are being rapidly forwarded to their destination.

Gen. Buckner is expected, and it is understood that the officers will be sent to Columbus, Ohio.

GENERAL PRICE DRIVEN FROM MISSOURI.—THE OLD FLAG FLOATING IN ARKANSAS.—The following despatch was sent from St. Louis, on the 18th ult:—

"*To Major-General McClellan, Washington, D. C.*:—The flag of the Union is floating in Arkansas.

"General Curtis has driven Price from Missouri, and is several miles across the Arkansas line, cutting up Price's rear, and hourly capturing prisoners and stores.

"The army of the South-west is doing its duty nobly. (Signed)

"H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

Price, being reinforced by McCulloch's command, made a stand at Sugar Creek, and crossed into Arkansas on the 18th. He was defeated, after a short engagement, and again fled.

Many rebel prisoners were taken, and arms which Price's men threw away in the field.

REPRIEVES IN MISSOURI.—Gen. Halleck has issued an order that in consideration of the recent victories won by the Federal forces, and of the rapidly increasing loyalty of the citizens of Missouri, the sentence of the eight bridge burners heretofore condemned to death is provisionally mitigated to close confinement in the military prison at Alton. If, however, rebel spies again destroy the railroads and telegraph lines, and thus render it necessary to make severe examples, the original sentence against these men will be carried into execution. No further assessment will be levied or collected from any one who will now take the prescribed oath of allegiance. Boards of commissioners will be appointed to examine the cases of prisoners of war who apply to take the oath of allegiance, and on their recommendation orders will be issued for their release.

THE DAY OF VICTORIES.

Oh! who that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime—
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
HAIL'D NEWS ON NEWS, AS FIELD ON FIELD WAS WON—
When hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun.
Oh! those were hours when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts and fears!
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delayed—
When many a fortress, town and tower was won—
And fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done!—*Scott.*

☞ The word Lent in old English Saxon means Spring; so that forty days of the Spring-time fast came to be called Lent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF MEXICO THREATENED—ENGLISH NEUTRALITY TO BE PERSEVERED IN—THE WARRIOR SOMEWHAT OF A FAILURE.

The London Morning Post (Government organ) has the following:—"We understand that it has now been determined (with the assent of England) by the Courts of Paris and Madrid, that their armies shall march direct from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico, and there suppress an Executive even more tyrannous to its own fellow-citizens than faithless to the European Powers. * * * * * * We believe that it is a probable result of this march of the Allies on Mexico, that that unhappy and distracted republic will reappear to the world as a constitutional monarchy, and that the Archduke Maximilian, brother of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, will assume the title of King of Mexico. It will not be impossible, if funds necessary to maintain an army of occupation in support of the new government are provided, until it will have derived sufficient stability to stand alone. The Mexicans have tried a republic, and it has sunk away under a succession of atrocious military tyrannies. They are believed to be convinced that a monarchy will give them order, and that a constitutional monarchy will ensure the only freedom they can possibly maintain."

The Patrie says the allied troops are to advance on the city of Mexico early in March. There will be no nominal commander-in-chief. The military commanders and the admirals will act according to the decisions of a council of war, as in the expedition to China.

VIENNA, Feb. 4.—Austria will accept the throne of Mexico for the Archduke Maximilian, but will not cede Venetia in exchange.

BRUSSELS, Feb. 6.—The Independence Belge says that England accepts the monarchical candidature for Mexico on condition of the Mexicans freely consenting to it.

The Austrian Press continues strongly to protest against exchanging Venetia for the throne of Mexico.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—The Spanish Ministry deny that any arrangements have been made for Mexico, and declare that the Mexicans will be free to choose their own government.

The Paris Moniteur says that the allies must complete their work by giving Mexico, in accordance with the wishes of the Mexican nation, a strong and durable Government.

Both houses of the British Parliament had voted an address to the Queen in response to her speech. The vote was unanimous.

The Opposition approved of the course of the Government in the Trent affair.

Lord Derby thought that the Federal Government has assented with a very bad grace to the demands of the British Government.

Lord Palmerston said that the distress in the manufacturing districts in England from the blockade of the Southern ports would not justify the interference of the Government, and that they would continue in their neutral course.

The London Times says the Ministerial programme is modest, but the Government will have no sinecure during the present session. *The channel of neutrality is narrow*, and to steer clear through the quicksands of foreign politics, will require pilots of no small skill and experience.

The product of the last cotton crop of India was pouring into Bombay.

The British iron-clad frigate Warrior, on her passage to Lisbon, labored badly. Her decks and cabins were flooded, and, in nine cases out of ten, she would not mind her helm.

The Federal gunboat Tuscarora left Cowes about nine o'clock, on the morning of the 6th inst., and proceeded westward. The Nashville had forty hours start of her.

The engineer of the Nashville told the pilot who took her out that it was agreed by all on board the Nashville that she should never be captured; that he had all the valves of the engine so arranged that she could be blown up in a moment; and that if the capture of the Nashville was ever heard of, a violent explosion would accompany it.

Advices from Cochin China state that Bienhoa had, after an energetic resistance, sought capitulation. It was proposed to march on to the capital, as the taking of that place would pacify the country.

☞ Sometime since, a lady of rather inquisitive character was visiting our country seat. Among other places she visited the Jail. She would ask the different prisoners for what crime they were in there. It went off well enough till she came to a rather hard looking specimen of humanity, whom she asked: "What are you here for?" "For stealing a horse." "Are you not sorry for it?" "Yes." "Won't you try and do better another time?" "Yes, I'll steal two."

☞ A speaker in a meeting not long since, enlarging upon the rascality of the devil, got off the following pithy words:—"I tell you that the devil is an old liar. For when I was about getting religion, he tried to dissuade me from it, and told me if I did get religion I could not go into gay company, and lie or steal, or any such thing, *but I have found him out to be a great liar.*"

"God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor—men who *will not lie*;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-screw creeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps."

☞ LEARNT SOMETHING.—When the war commenced the rebels declared that the North was so weak and poverty-stricken, that it must fall an easy prey to the South.—Now they whine about having to contend against "a powerful and wealthy nation, possessing vast resources for war."

☞ A name should not hint too much, nor too little—a dogma which is well illustrated by an anecdote. Bentley, when about starting a magazine, advised with one of the wits of his day about the best title. "What say you," said Bentley, "to calling it the Magazine of Wit?" "That promises too much," said his friend. "Well, then, said the publisher, "how will it do to call it Bentley's Magazine." "Ah," said the wit, "that promises *too little*."

CARTES DE VISITE.

[We find in the London "ONCE A WEEK," the following interesting article relative to the small sized card photographs, commonly called "*cartes de visite*."]

The commercial value of the human face was never tested to such an extent as it is at the present moment in these handy photographs. No man, or woman either, knows but that some accident may elevate them to the position of the hero of the hour and send up the value of their countenances to a degree they never dreamed of. For instance, after the great fight with Heenan, Tom Sayers was beset by photographers, anxious for the honor of paying for a sitting; but his reply was, "It's no good, gentleman, I've been and sold my mug to Mr. Newbold," that sporting publisher having seen betimes the advantage of securing the copyright of his phiz. Thus a new source of income has been opened to first-rate photographers, besides the profit arising from taking portraits. A wholesale trade has sprung up with amazing rapidity, and to obtain a good sitter, and his permission to sell his *carte de visite*, is in itself an annuity to a man. For instance, all our public men are what is termed in the trade "sure cards"—there is a constant demand for them, a much greater one, indeed, than can be supplied. It must be remembered, that *every* picture has to be printed from the original negative, and the success of the printing process depends upon the weather; in foggy, dark days, no impressions can be taken from the negative. It is true that negatives can be taken from positives, or from *cartes de visite* already in existence; but the result is a deterioration of the portrait, a plan never resorted to by first-class photographers such as Silvi, or Lock, or Mayall, although dishonest persons are to be found who will commit piracy in this manner for money. The public are little aware of the enormous sale of the *cartes de visite* of celebrated persons. An order will be given by a wholesale house for 10,000 of one individual—thus £400 will be put into the lucky photographer's pocket who happens to possess the negative. As might have been expected, the chief demand is for the members of the Royal Family. Her Majesty's portraits, which Mr. Mayall alone has taken, sell by the 100,000. No greater tribute to the memory of his late Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, could have been paid than the fact that within one week from his decease no less than 70,000 of his *cartes de visite* were ordered from the house of Marion & Co., of Regent street. This house is by far the greatest dealer in *cartes de visite* in the country; indeed they do as much as all the other houses put together. The wholesale department of this establishment, devoted to these portraits, is in itself a sight. To this centre flow all the photographs in the country that "will run." Packed in the drawers and on the shelves are the representatives of thousands of Englishwomen and Englishmen awaiting to be shuffled out to *all* the *leading* shops in the country. What a collection of British faces! If a box or two of them were to be sealed up and buried deep in the ground, to be dug up two or three centuries hence, what a prize they would be to the fortunate finder! Hitherto we have only known our ancestors through the pencils of certain great artists, and the sitters themselves have all belonged to the highest class. Hence we are apt to attribute certain leading expressions of countenance to our progenitors which are rather owing to the mannerism of the painters than to the sitters. Thus all Reynolds's beauties possess a certain look in common; if we believed his brush without any reserve, we should fancy that the English race of the latter part of the last century were the noblest looking beings that ever trod the earth. No portrait of man or woman ever came from his easel with a mean look. The same may be said of those of Gainsborough and Hoppner, and the result is that all our knowledge of the faces of the last century is purely conventional. But it is far different with the *carte de visite*. Here we have the very lines that nature has engraven on our faces, and it can be said of them that no two are alike. The price, again, enables all the better middle class to have their portraits; and by the system of exchange, forty of their friends (happy delusion) for two guineas!

Let us imagine, then a box of such pictures discovered of the time of the Commonwealth, for instance, or a few years later. What would we give to have such pictures of old Pepys, his wife, and Mistress Nlp? Yet treasures such as these we shall be able to hand down to our posterity, for there is little doubt that photographs of the present day will remain perfect, if carefully preserved, for generations. Silvi alone has the negatives of sitters in number equal to the inhabitants of a large country town, and our great thoroughfares are filled with photographers; there are not less than thirty-five in Regent street alone, and every suburban road swarms with them; can we doubt therefore that photographic portraits have been taken by the million? Out of these the great wholesale houses, such as Marion & Co., have the pick. Every day brings up scores of offers of portraits, which are accepted or not, according to circumstances. In many cases the sale is wholly local, in others nearly wholly metropolitan. Some have a perpetual sale; others, again, run like wildfire for a day, and then fall a dead letter. Some special circumstance or action scatters these portraits wholesale; for instance, the pluck displayed by the Queen of Naples resulted in a sale of 20,000 of her portraits; and Miss Jolly was only a month ago the rage in Ireland. The sudden death of a great man, as we have before said, is immediately made known to the wholesale *carte de visite* houses by an influx of orders by telegraph. There was a report the other day that Lord Palmerston was dead, and his *carte de visite* was immediately in enormous request; and Lord Herbert to this day sells as well as any living celebrity.

Literary men have a constant sale:—Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, are bought for every album. Scientific men, again, sell well; but theatrical or operatic celebrities have a run for a short time, owing to some successful performance, and then are not sought for more. The series of Mademoiselle Patti has, however, already circulated to the extent of 20,000 copies. It is a curious fact that the *cartes de visite* have for the present entirely superseded all other sized photographic portraits. This is rather singular, inasmuch as we did not adopt it until it had been popular in Paris for three years. Possibly, however, the rage has its foundation in two causes. In the first place, a *carte de visite* portrait is really a more agreeable-looking likeness than larger ones; it is taken with the middle of the lens, where it is truest, hence it is never out in drawing; and then, again, it rather hides than exaggerates any little roughness of the face, which is so apparent in large-sized portraits. Secondly, when a man can get forty portraits for a couple of guineas, his vanity is flattered by being able to distribute his surplus copies among his friends. It enables every one to possess a picture-gallery of those he cares about, as well as those he does not, for we are convinced some people collect them for the mere vanity of showing, or pretending, they have a large acquaintance. There is still another advantage: *cartes de visite* are taken two at a time, stereoscopically, that is, a little out of the same line, hence solid portraits can be produced by the aid of the stereoscope.—When we remember the old style of portrait we were obliged to be contented with, the horrible limning a lover got of his mistress for five guineas; the old monthly nurses they made of our mothers; and the resplendent maiden aunts, with their gold chains, watches, and frightful turbans; and the race of fathers we keep by us in old drawers, gentlemen built up stiffly, and all alike in blue coats, and brass buttons, with huge towels round their necks by way of cravats; when we remember the art at the command of the middle classes not forty years since, we are deeply thankful for the kindness of Sol in taking up the pencil and giving us a glimpse of nature once more. But even the great Apollo himself has his mannerism, and it is easy enough to detect a Silvi, a Lock, a Mayall, a Herbert Watkins, a Maull, and Polyblank, or a Claudet *carte de visite* by the manner in which it is posed, or the arrangement of the light upon it. It is a great mistake to suppose that the art of portrait-taking has degenerated into a mere mechanical trade; the difference between a good photographic portrait and a bad one is nearly as great as between a good miniature and a bad one. How difficult it is to pose a sitter well, and how this difficulty is increased where the artist has to work with the sun? Of old, in the course of three or four sittings, the natural attitude and best expression of the sitter was pretty sure to come out, but now the difficulty is greatly increased; when a picture has to be taken, we say, in half a minute, what natural aptitude the photographic artist ought to possess, to seize the best attitude and position at once. To produce a good photograph it requires a thoroughly artistic hand, and that hand must work, also, with the best tools; consequently, the lenses now in use for first-rate work are exceedingly valuable, and the stock of cameras required by the producers of our best *cartes de visite* costs a little fortune.

Then there is, in addition, all the accessories to make up backgrounds—properties, in fact—some of them of the stale routine style; for instance, the pillar and the curtain does duty as of old, and many a good honest cockney is made to stand in marble halls, who was never in a nobler mansion than a suburban villa in his life. But there are not wanting details in better taste. The French have composed their *cartes de visite* in this respect with great skill and art. The most elaborate carved wood-work, the rarest statuettes, the most carefully painted distances, figure in these backgrounds, and are shifted and combined in endless variety, so as to give every portrait some distinctive character of its own. All these things cost money, and the tendency is to throw the best business into the hands of a few skilled capitalists; and in London half-a-dozen men entirely command the patronage of the fashionable part of the community.

Monsieur Silvi (of London) appears to have made the *carte de visite* his special study, and has brought to his task all the resources of an artistic mind. No one knows how much depends upon the photographer, until he compares a good with a bad sun portrait. That sense of beauty and instinctive art of catching the best momentary *pose* of the body, is a gift which cannot be picked up as a mechanical trade can be. This gift M. Silvi possesses in an eminent degree. And he not only pursues photography as an art, but also as a manufacturer; hence the scale and method of his proceedings. A visit of inspection to his studio in Porchester Terrace is full of interest. In walking through the different rooms, you are puzzled to know whether you are in a studio, or a house of business. His photographic rooms are full of choice works of art in endless number; for it is his aim to give as much variety as possible to the accessories in each picture, in order to accomplish which he is continually changing even his large assortment. Sometimes when a royal portrait has to be taken, the background is carefully composed beforehand, so as to give a local habitation, as it were, to the figure. The well-informed person, without a knowledge even of the originals, may make a shrewd guess at many of the personages in his book of Royal Portraits by the nature of the accessories about them. Thus, all the surroundings of the Duc de Montpensier's daughter are Spanish, whilst his son's African sojourn is indicated by the tropical scenery. The portraits of members of our own royal family are surrounded with fitting accessories which stamp their rank. As M. Silvi takes every negative with his own hand, the humblest as well as the most exalted sitter is sure of the best artistic effect that his establishment can produce. This we feel certain is the great secret of M. Silvi's success, as the skill required in taking a good photograph cannot be deputed to a subordinate. But, as we have said, his house is at the same time a counting-house, a laboratory and a printing establishment. One room is found to be full of clerks keeping the books, for at the West End credit must be given; in another, a score of employees are printing from the negatives. A large building has been erected for this purpose in the back garden. In a third room are all the chemicals for preparing the plates; and again, in another, we see a heap of crucibles glittering with silver. All the clippings of the photographs are here reduced by fire, and the silver upon them is thus recovered. One large apartment is appropriated to the baths in which the *cartes de visite* are immersed, and a feminine clatter of tongues directs us to the room in which the portraits are finally corded and packed up. Every portrait taken is posted in a book and numbered consecutively. This portrait index contains upwards of seven thousand *cartes de visite* and a reference to any one of them gives the clue to the whereabouts of the negative. Packed as these negatives are closely in boxes of fifties, they fill a pretty large room. It is M. Silvi's custom to print fifty of each portrait, forty going to the possessor, and ten remaining in stock, as a supply for friends. Sometimes individuals will have a couple of hundred impressions, the number varying, of course, according to the extent of the circle. The tact and aptitude of M. Silvi for portrait taking may be estimated when we inform our readers that he has taken from forty to fifty a day with his own hand. The printing is of course purely mechanical, and is performed by subordinates, who have set afloat in the world 700,000 portraits from this studio alone.

In comparing the Parisian and London *cartes de visite*, it is important to observe the wide difference which exists between the class of portraits that sell. In Paris, actors and singers and dancers are in demand, to the exclusion of all other kinds of portraits. A majority of these portraits, indeed, are aimed at sensual appetites. Statesmen, members of the legislature, and scientific men, do not sell at all. In England, we know how different it is: we want to know our public men—our great lawyers, painters, literary men, travellers, and priests; in France, there seems to be no respect or reverence for such people—at least, people do not care to invest a couple of francs on their *carte de visite*, and consequently they are not produced. The universality of the *carte de visite* portrait has had the effect of making the public thoroughly acquainted with all its remarkable men. We know their personality long before we see them. Even the *carte de visites* of comparatively unknown persons so completely picture their appearance, that when we meet the originals we seem to have some acquaintance with them. "I know that face, somehow," is the instinctive cogitation, and then we recall the portrait we have a day or two past seen in the windows. As we all know, the value of the photographic portrait has long been understood by the police, and known thieves have the honor of a picture gallery of their own in Scotland Yard, to which we shall refer in some future paper; but the photograph is also useful for rogues as yet uncaptured and uncondemned. Thus, when Redpath absconded, it was immediately suspected that a negative of him must be lodged at some of our photographers.—The inquiry was made, and one of them was found in Mr. Mayall's possession. An order was given for a supply to the detective force, and through its instrumentality the delinquent, though much disguised, was arrested on board a steamer sailing from some port in the north of Europe. Possibly Mr. Peter Morrison's photograph will be brought into requisition, in order to further the purposes of justice. The amusing and interesting facts in relation to general photography and stereoscopic groups we shall reserve for another paper.

A. WINTER.

A MODEL DUN.

An editor out West thus talks to his non-paying subscribers and patrons:—

Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us we are in need, and have regard for our need, as you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you, one single patron, that don't owe us something, then to him we say—step aside, consider yourself a gentleman.

If the rest wish to know why we don them this is our answer—not that we care about ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to jail, and you go free, than you pay our debts and keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to *you*, but as you don't pay, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscriptions; promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment.

Who is there so green that he don't take a paper?—if any, he need not speak for we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise—if any, let him slide—he ain't the chap neither. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printer—if any, let him shout—for he's the man we're after. His name is Legion, and he's owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six years—long enough to make us poor, and him rich at our expense.

☞ "The happiest conversation," says Dr. Johnson, "is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression."

☞ Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

☞ It is better, in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject in dispute with some merry conceit, than to keep up the contention to the discomfiture of the company.

☞ The more people do, the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

☞ Observers are apt to remember co-incidences, and forget failures. I knew a man once who thought his wife could always foretell the weather by the moon. If, for example, she predicted rain, and the weather continued comparatively dry, the remark would be, "Why, don't you remember a few drops fell? that was rain!" Or, if dry weather was the order of the day, and it rained an hour, "Oh, I don't call that much—most of the weather has been pretty fair." I never failed to destroy confidence in all such rules, by carefully remembering and repeating *all the failures!—Country Gentleman.*

☞ A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I'm for this country, I've bled for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

☞ "I would have no one criticise a sermon," said Samuel Drew, "till he had attempted to preach one. After you have attempted to address a congregation, you will better understand a preacher's sensations and difficulties. And remember this in all your criticisms: the hand that cannot build a hovel may demolish a palace."

☞ Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

☞ A man, on going with a friend to dine at the house of an acquaintance, in order to save time, said,—"Scrape for me, while I knock for both of us."

☞ Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman, whose preaching they had heard that day. The sermon was like a certain man mentioned in a certain biography—"very poor and very pious." "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown. "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

☞ WOMAN'S SOVEREIGNTY OVER CHINA.—During the minority of the present Emperor of China (Tsai Chun), the regent of that country is, for the first time, a woman.

☞ Chesterfield having been informed by his physician that he was dying by inches, congratulated himself that he was not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson!

☞ A SPUNKY CANADIAN.—A Canadian paper says that one of their officers, on hearing that the militia were called out, sent his commission to his Lieutenant Colonel, endorsed as follows:—"deer Curnel, I beg to resine mi commissihen. Being a disciple of Krist, i cannot take up the sord."

Oh, ye loud waves, and oh, ye forests high,
And oh, ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wherese'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest liberty! —*Coleridge.*

☞ The soldier who fights may indeed be said to belong to the army. The soldier who runs away should rather be considered as belonging to the leggy.

☞ Mr. Russell, of the London Times, is not going home after all. He means to stay to make one correct prophecy, if his life is spared long enough.

☞ A young lady residing in a country town, not many miles from this city, has knit *one hundred pairs of mittens* for the soldiers, furnishing the yarn herself. Can any young lady show a more patriotic record than this?—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ The only fault with the world is described by that little word, "too;" folks are always *too*—too tall or too short, too pretty or too ugly, too wise or too ignorant, too old or too young, too good or too bad, always too something."

☞ The dignity of man is composed of that part of his natural mind which approaches nearest to purity, and that part of his manners which is so chaste and proper, that it disguises not nor deforms the express image of his Maker, which he is declared to be.

☞ Mr. Jones called upon a gentleman who advertises to restore oil paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

☞ The pay of the United States army is much greater than any other in the world. The Russian soldier receives only thirty-six dollars a year as pay, and his rations consist solely of black bread. The soldier in the French army receives fifty six cents a month. The pay of our soldiers is twenty times greater. The estimate in the French budget for 1860 was $64,687,500 for an army on a war footing of 762,765 men, and, in addition, a reserve militia, on a peace footing, of 415,746 men. It costs the United States nearly three times as much to maintain a soldier as it does the British Government—and it is to be remembered that the British Government can get money at three per cent. interest, while it costs us six per cent. or more.

☞ Those Divinities whom the ancients worshipped—Ceres, Pomona and Flora—who strewed and beautified the earth with grain and fruit and flowers, have in modern times domiciled themselves among men and have exchanged their divine titles for plain professors of chemistry, and we now call them Agriculturists and Horticulturists.

THE SOLDIERS AT PORT ROYAL.—Here is a bit from the Savannah News:—"It is reported that our Yankee invaders at Port Royal are going rapidly forward with the establishment of their colony, which they call New South. We see it stated that they already have a steam saw-mill at work. We shall not be surprised to hear that they have a clock factory in operation in the course of a few weeks, and that they have set the contrabands to raising 'garden sas' for the supply of the New York and Boston markets."

THE SURRENDER AT DONELSON.

During Saturday night, a contraction of all our lines was made for a simultaneous assault from every point, and orders were given by Gen. Grant to take the enemy at the point of the bayonet.

Every man was at his post—the Fifty-seventh Illinois occupying the extreme right, at daylight on Sunday, ready to advance; but when the full light of day broke forth white flags were seen displayed in many places on the enemy's works.

An officer, at a convenient point, was informed that they had stacked their arms and surrendered in the morning, the following correspondence having passed between the commanders:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT DONELSON, February 16, 1862.

SIR:—In consequence of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to arrange upon terms of capitulation of the forces, at this place, under my command.

In that view I suggest an armistice until 12 o'clock to-day.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier General C. S. A.

To Brigadier General U. S. Grant commanding the U. S. forces near Fort Donelson.

ANSWER.

HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE FIELD, Fort Donelson, Feb. 16.

To Gen. S. B. Buckner—Sir:—Yours of this date, promising an armistice and the appointment of commissioners to settle on the terms of capitulation, is just received.

No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately on your ranks.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

THE REPLY.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DOVER, TENNESSEE, February 16.

To Brig. Gen. U. S. Grant, U. S. A.:

SIR:—The distribution of the forces under my command incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compels me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
S. B. BUCKNER,
Brigadier General C. S. A.

Our forces were soon in the enemy's works, when the rebel officers gave up their swords.

The bulk of the rebels are chagrined, as they knew of the surrender long before our men were apprised of it. Pillow and Floyd had planned and excuted their escape during the night, taking with them Floyd's brigade and a few favorites, and occupying what few small steamers they had.

The prisoners are loud in their denunciations of the runaways. Many of them acknowledge the hopelessness of their cause, and intimated a willingness to take an oath of allegiance and return to their homes. To the question put to an officer, as to how many prisoners we had, he replied, "You have all out of 25,000 who were not killed or did not escape."

It is impossible to get a list of the killed and wounded, as all the killed have not yet been brought in, and they are mixed with the rebel killed.

THE WEST.—We have taken occasion, heretofore, to speak of the earnestness, unity and patriotism of the West in putting down the rebellion. These qualities have received a fresh and splendid illustration in the recent victories. On the other side of the Alleghanies the war has been carried on with an energy, directness and sincerity, overriding all obstacles and difficulties. Wonderful as was the uprising of the people everywhere, it was there almost miraculous. With the exception of limited experience in the campaigns in Mexico, the new states knew little of military matters, and were, as a whole, without military organizations and resources. They were unprepared for the exigency; but their zeal and enterprize supplied all deficiencies. Looking back it seems almost incredible that such armies could have been raised under such circumstances. Our attention, until lately, was so exclusively directed to the Potomac and the Atlantic coast, that the Western forces may almost be said to have announced their magnitude, equipment and invincible determination to conquer, in the triumphs of their first battles.

SINGULAR MISSTATEMENT.—A recent Associated Press dispatch from Washington, contained the following:—

"Secretary Stanton, in the course of his address at the Railroad Convention, paid a high compliment to the young and gallant friend at his side, Major-General McClellan, in whom he had the utmost confidence, and the result of whose military schemes, gigantic and well-matured, were now exhibited to a rejoicing country."

Upon high official authority this is pronounced an impudent forgery. Upon the authority of railroad delegates in the Convention, and seated within ten feet of Secretary Stanton while speaking, we declare that there is not a word or syllable of truth in the statement.

Secretary Stanton himself denies emphatically having used the language attributed to him. When the report of the Committee's proceedings left Willard's for the telegraph office, that paragraph was not in it.—*Washington correspondent of N. Y. Tribune.*

THE REBELS AT MANASSAS.—It has been ascertained beyond doubt, that an extensive movement of rebel troops has taken place from their lines at Manassas. They evidently design falling back upon Richmond, and perhaps marching to attack Burnsides. They will not be allowed to get far, as somebody will very probably be in their rear and hold them until they surrender to the ministers of the laws they have violated.

Information has been received that the rebels have in part fallen back from Centerville. This has been obtained from scouting parties of several of the divisions who reported this morning, and all agree in the statement. It is supposed that the rebels are influenced by a military necessity, being apprehensive of a cutting off of their supplies.

TRIBUTE TO THE SERVICES OF GEN. HUNTER.—The following despatch was sent from head-quarters at St. Louis:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF MISSOURI, St. Louis, Feb. 19.

"To Major-General D. Hunter, commanding the Department of Kansas, at Fort Leavenworth:—

"To you, more than to any other man out of this department, are we indebted for our success at Fort Donelson. In my strait for troops, I appealed to you. You responded nobly, placing your forces at my disposal. This enabled us to win the victory. Receive my most heartfelt thanks.

"H. W. HALLECK, Major-General."

☞ Knowledge, the offspring of thought, but much oftener an adopted child.

LATEST NEWS.

REPORTED EVACUATION OF NASHVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 22.—Gen. Buell left here several days ago, and proceeded in the direction of Nashville. His staff leave here to-morrow morning for the place of his destination.

It is reported that many of the negroes taken some time since from the Green River county of Kentucky by the rebels, to aid in fortifying Nashville, took advantage of the panic created there by the taking of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and are making their way back to their old homes.

They say it was too late to fortify Nashville.

It is understood that the rebels proposed destroying the bridges on the road near Nashville, on their retreat thitherward, but the citizens along the road remonstrated and prevented it.

Rumors, which cannot be traced to any reliable source, have prevailed all day, of the evacuation of Nashville by the rebels.

CUMBERLAND GAP AND RUSSELLVILLE IN POSSESSION OF THE FEDERAL FORCES.—Louisville, Feb. 23.—Cumberland Gap and Russellville, Ky., are in possession of the Federal forces.

REPORTED OCCUPATION OF SAVANNAH.—FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 21, via Baltimore.—Three flags of truce were sent out to-day. It is believed in Norfolk that the city of Savannah has been abandoned by its inhabitants, and occupied by our forces. The information is thought to be reliable, although no particulars have been ascertained.

GEN. BUCKNER TO BE TRIED FOR TREASON.—CAIRO, Ill., Feb. 22.—Gen. Buckner has been delivered to the U. S. Marshal on a warrant issued by Justice Catron. He will be taken to Kentucky on a trial of treason.

THE anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated on Saturday all over the country in a style of unusual splendor, except at the national capitol, where the occasion was dampened by the death of the President's son. At Philadelphia there was a review of ten thousand volunteers by the Governor, Legislature, Mayor, Councils, and General Patterson.

COM. FOOTE sends a dispatch to the Navy Department giving an account of his capture of Clarksville. At the request of the Mayor and Hon. Cave Johnson he issued a proclamation to calm the fears of the alarmed people of that region. The rebels had retreated to Nashville, having first burned the railroad bridge at Clarksville. Foote had returned to Fort Donelson, to bring up the rest of his fleet, to force his way up the river. The rebels were all afraid of the gunboats.

BRIG. GEN. CHAR. F. SMITH has been promoted to be a Major General for his gallantry at the siege of Fort Donelson.

SICKNESS OF GEN. BEAUREGARD.—The Charleston Courier, of Feb. 17, says that Gen. Beauregard is sick, in Nashville, of typhoid fever or sore throat.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Niagara, at Halifax, we have later news from Europe. In the British Parliament six sets of parliamentary papers, concerning the civil war in America, had been presented. Not less than forty-five official communications passed between the Cabinet and the various officers of the government relative to the menacing position occupied by the United States gunboat Tuscarora and the pirate Nashville. Among the most interesting of the official correspondence laid before the Parliament was the declaration of Earl Russell to the southern commissioners, that England could not acknowledge the Confederate states until the war or further negotiations more clearly determined their position. Mr. Gregory took occasion in the House of Commons to denounce the blockade of the Southern ports as a paper one. The pirate Sumter was detained at Gibraltar, owing to some difficulty in obtaining coal.

☞ It is difficult to estimate the ages of blondes, as their complexion keeps wrinkles and crows' feet at bay.

☞ Washington and Prince Albert died in the same month, and on the same day of the month and about the same hour of the evening—14th December—1799 and 1861.

☞ Vulgar definition of a teetotaller—a drunkard convinced against his (a) will.

☞ An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived several centuries ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer, "for we find the older the seed, the poorer the crop."

☞ The New York Tribune proposes that no man be elected to the next Congress who ever made a speech more than fifteen minutes long. The proposition has its good points.

☞ The only member of the Wisconsin Legislature, who is a native of the State, is Fred. S. Ellis who was born at Green Bay, thirty-two years ago. He is "the oldest inhabitant," in fact, of Wisconsin, having been the first white child born there.

☞ If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

☞ "Will you take some grapes, monsieur?" asked a gentleman of a Frenchman. "No, sare," he replied: "I don't swallow my wine in ze shape of pills."

☞ A housemaid boasting of her industrious habits, said that on a particular occasion she rose at four, made a fire, put on the teakettle, prepared breakfast and *made all the beds*, before a single soul was up in the whole house!

☞ The popular idea of what should first be taxed to support the war is, that the chief burden shall fall upon the luxuries and superfluities of life, while those branches of industry which minister to positive needs and to the moral and intellectual progress of the people should be visited as lightly as possible. Tax the pleasure carriage, not the ox-cart; the distillery, not the bakery; tobacco and brandy, not bread and meat.

☞ Saxe says that Vermont is famous for four staples—"men, women, maple sugar and horses"—and that "the first are strong, the last are fleet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are uncommonly hard to beat."

☞ EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—Asking a young lady to marry you. Natural philosophy.—Looking indifferent, and saying you were only in fun, when she refuses you.

☞ At an infant school examination, a few days ago, the examiner asked, "What fish eat the *little ones?*" "The *big 'uns*," shouted a little urchin.

☞ Wilkie Collins is said to have been offered £5,000 for a story to appear in the Cornhill, to follow that which he has undertaken in All the Year Round

SKELETONS.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Friends, the footway is steep and rough—
Tedious, because the end is far—
Dreary, we murmur, and hard enough.
Even without these loads we bear—
Terrible burdens, alas they are!

Skeletons, ghastly, and strange, and grim—
How we shrink from each spectral form!
Shadows, with sad eyes wet and dim,
Fair young corpses, with lips yet warm—
These we carry through shine and storm.

Lying down with them, night by night,
Rising up with them, morn by morn—
Bearing their weight through the long daylight,
Feeling them still when the day is gone—
Oh, how weary and how forlorn!

Ah, my neighbor, your face is fair,
Gay and lightsome the whole day through—
Have you no hidden sorrow there?
Are there no ghosts to trouble you?
Do you carry a skeleton, too?

Softly, softly, I do not heed
Any innocent lie you tell—
All whose feet on life's pathway bleed
Carry their skeletons, ill or well—
Never one can escape the spell.

Close your eyes—but you see them still—
Turn your head—they are there the same—
Fly, they follow, go where you will—
Haunting faces of grief and blame,
More to be dreaded than sword or flame.

Ghosts of the perished joys of old—
Hopes which once in our hearts abode,
Phantoms of dead loves, stark and cold,
Long since buried on life's sad road—
Oh, a ghastly and fearful load!

These torment us with sharp rebukes,
These still scourge us with dumb complaint.
Others stab us with sad, sweet looks,
From eyes like those of a martyr-saint,
Fire-refined from all mortal taint.

Oh, dear Christ, who didst bow and bleed
Under the burden laid on Thee—
Hear the prayer of our bitter need—
Though unlightened our loads may be,
Help us to carry them patiently!

—*Portland Transcript.*

LOVE AT SIGHT.

[Corporal Merrill, in his letters to the Rochester Express, giving his experience as a prisoner at Richmond, relates the following romantic story:]

I have before stated that some of the private soldiers from the upper rooms were employed in the officers' quarters, a service which they gladly accepted as affording superior rations. Among these was Corporal M———n, of New York, a young man of wealthy parentage, of attractive manners, good intellectual endowments—and, withal, handsome as Apollo.

At the request of some of the officers he was occasionally permitted to visit the lower floor, and upon one occasion was permitted to leave the prison on parole, for the purpose of purchasing supplies. While thus passing through one of the main thoroughfares, M———n was accosted by a little girl, who presented him with a bouquet, at the same time pointing to a young lady on the opposite side of the street as the donor. The corporal acknowledged the gift by a polite bow, and proceeded upon his mission. The lady, apparently fascinated, followed him at a distance, to the prison, and as he entered it she reciprocated his bow and leisurely walked away.

For some inexplicable cause the corporal was not again allowed to go out, and a negro—I should have mentioned that quite a number of servants were in the prison—was despatched in his stead. The negro had not proceeded far, when he was met by the young lady referred to, and the sequel to the interview was developed in a package, with which he returned to the officers' quarters and delivered to Corporal M———n. It was found to contain a new suit of clothes, and upon one garment was pinned a small card, neatly inscribed with the name of his benefactress—

"Only this, and nothing more."

Corporal M———n instantly addressed himself to the task of epistolatory composition, in which he gracefully acknowledged the receipt of the gift, and expressed his heartfelt thanks. This was delivered by the negro on the day following, and he returned with a package containing a number of pocket handkerchiefs, socks and shirts.

As in the first instance, the only communication which accompanied the gift was the donor's card. The corporal again acknowledged his obligations by a polite note, which was duly delivered through the same medium.

Thenceforth the corporal was in daily receipt of the choicest dainties, and a regular epistolary correspondence was carried on until the day of his release, which occurred on the 3d of January. A matrimonial engagement had been made during the interval, with the understanding that the parties would meet in Baltimore on the 1st of March next.

I have omitted to state that the Corporal had been sent back to his old quarters, but, having ascertained that his fair *inamorata* daily promenaded within view of the officers' quarters, he obtained employment as a cook, and was thereafter unfailing at his post to reciprocate the loving smiles of his betrothed.

She had sent him her daguerreotype, which he frequently exhibited to me. It was a lovely image, and one that would have required no "collateral" inducement to carry captive the most frigid and lethargic fancy. I learned that she was of a wealthy family, and of as good blood as was to be found among the F. F. V.'s, and her letters, I was assured, evinced that she was no less intelligent and refined.

When the glad tidings of our release came, the name of Corporal M———n was found in the list. The intelligence was quickly conveyed to his yearning admirer. We saw nothing of her, however, as we marched through the streets of Richmond, though the Corporal's longing vision was strained at every animate object.

But when a halt was ordered, a fine carriage, driven by a negro, suddenly made its appearance, and halted at a short distance from our ranks. A lady descended—there was a brief but earnest colloquy among the Confederate officers of our guard, and the next moment the enraptured twain (Corporal M———n and his affianced) were face to face. A few words—the first they had ever exchanged in person—were exchanged in subdued yet melting tones; their faces were for a moment lighted as with a flame—the engagement was sacredly renewed—there was a fervent, thrilling pressure of their hands, and they separated.

A circumstance is connected with the daguerreotype above referred to, which deserves a passing notice. Before it left the prison, the picture was taken from the case, and a small slip of paper, closely written and addressed to Gen. McClellan, was deposited therein, and the daguerreotype then replaced. It was safely delivered to the commander-in-chief, a meeting of the Cabinet was called, and the day following there was a leak stopped—a mysterious leak, from high official circles, and which had inestimably benefited the rebels for many months.

A RISKY BUSINESS.

I tell you, sir, it is a risky business to touch the brain. A minister of the gospel told me of a member of his congregation, as noble a fellow as ever lived; generous—there was not a member of his church that gave as much as he, though only a member of the congregation, for the support of the gospel; rich—sleeping partner in a firm in New York; with a wife and one child living in good style. The only fault the minister could find in him was, he would occasionally take a glass of wine, and would give it to the young men; and he said he had often talked with him about it. One day he saw him playing with his boy, and asked him—"Do you love your son?" "Love him! noble little fellow! I love him better than my own life." "You would not harm him?" "Harm him! hurt my boy! Never!" "Now you never thought that a glass of wine—" "Stop, you are fanatic; I respect you as a minister, but not your fanaticism on this point. The idea of a glass of wine hurting this boy—that I am going to ruin my child! Let this be a tabooed question between us. I have no patience to hear you talk so foolishly about it." It was about six weeks after that one of the partners in the house came to see him on some business, and they rode to a manufacturing town about twelve miles distant. He was one of those men "mighty to drink wine, and a man of strength to mingle strong drink;" and there is no blessing pronounced on such men, that we can find, in the Bible. But he drank this man drunk for the first time in his life; and when they got to the hotel, the city gentleman laughed at his maudlin companion, and said, "I wonder what his wife will say to that." Returning, they drove up to the gate, and the child, with his mother, was on the marble steps, waiting for papa. In stepping from the carriage, the drunken man's foot caught in the reins, and he stumbled. If he had been sober he would have kept hold of the reins, and the accident could not have happened. But it made him angry, his control was disturbed, and he took the boy by the shoulder, twisted him around, and threw him down. As he was unable to walk, they carried him into the hall, and laid him on a settee; he fell off that on the floor, and went to sleep. This clergyman told me—"They sent for me, and I never spent such a night in my life. There lay the child dead, the wife in convulsions, and the man asleep—asleep, with a dead child, whose yellow locks were dabbled in blood, lying in another room—asleep with two physicians trying to save the life of his wife—asleep, under the damning influence of wine. When he awoke it was fearful waking. Pushing back his hair—"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy? Where is my child? I must see him." "You cannot." "I must, I will! Where is my boy?" "You cannot see him." "I must see him—I must see my boy." They took him into the room, and turned down the sheet; and when he saw him he cried out, "Oh, my God!" and fell back senseless. That clergyman told me—and I have his name in my note-book—"One year from that day I buried his body, brought from a lunatic asylum, to lay side by side with his wife and child." Young man, thank God for your safety, if you have ever dared to tamper with that which disturbs the action of the brain, and brings a man to a point where he knows not what he is about. It is a risky business to touch the brain, and it is the business of alcohol to do it.—*J. B. Gough.*

India Rubber.—India rubber is now so cheap and common that the following reference to it in the Monthly Review for January, 1772, is, with our present knowledge, rather amusing—"I have seen," says Dr Priestly, "a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of black-lead pencil. It must therefore be of singular use to those who practise drawing. It is sold by Mr. Nairne, a mathematical instrument maker opposite the royal exchange. He sells a cubical piece of about half an inch for *three shillings*, and says it will last for several years.

☞ Superficial men have no absorbing passion: there are no whirlpools in a shallow.

☞ Selden says:—"The Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is a sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they know not what. The Christians invert this order; they tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what."

THE MARVELS OF MAN.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed—it has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor has it any upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on the sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the solemn dungeon and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the eye, and yet that eye is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself upon the eyeball, which spreads itself over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acridity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to become scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-ball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to rebreathe it unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation, while if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned; but it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the moment it leaves the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends, is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with his body, a circle, making the navel its centre, will just take in the finger ends and feet.

The distance from "top to toe" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended.

The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two, of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre and charcoal. And such is a man, the lord of earth!—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, an atom of charcoal! But looking at him in another direction, these elements shadow forth the higher qualities of a diviner nature, of an immortal existence. In that part is the caloric, which speaks of irrepressible activity; in that drop is the water, which speaks of purity; in that grain is the force by which he subdues all things to himself, makes the wide creation the supplier of his wants and the servitor of his pleasure; while in that atom of charcoal there is the diamond, which speaks at once of light and purity, of indestructibility and of restless progress, for there is nothing which outshines it; it is purer than the dew-drop; "moth and rust corrupt" it not, nor can ordinary fires destroy it; while it cuts its way alike through brass, and adamant, and hard steel. In that light we see the purity and goodness of divine nature; an eternal progression towards omniscience; in that indestructibility an immortal existence; in that progress a steady accession toward the home and bosom of God.

SUNDAY BATTLES.

The recent battle of Mill Spring was brought on by Zollicoffer's attack on Sunday morning. The correspondent of a Cincinnati paper writes that our troops were encamped, with the intention to rest over Sunday, and take the offensive on Monday morning, but the rebel general forced them to battle and was defeated. The battle of Bull Run was fought on Sunday, and then, too, the attacking force lost the day. If it were worth while to follow out the parallel, we might observe that at Mill Spring, as at Bull Run, the defeated side were panic-struck.

It is a singular fact that during the Revolutionary war, but two battles were fought on Sunday—that of Monmouth, on Sunday, June 28, 1778, and that of Stone Ferry, on Sunday, June 20, 1779. Seven of the principal battles in the Revolution were fought on Monday, namely, those of Harlem Plains, White Plains, Forts Clinton and Montgomery, Guilford Court House, Waxhaws, Augusta (captured), and Ninety-Six. Three were fought on Tuesday—Saratoga (second battle), Savannah (captured), and Brier Creek. New York was evacuated by the British on a Tuesday. The battles of Lexington, Brooklyn, Red Bank, Springfield, Camden, Cowpens, and the surrender of Charleston took place on Wednesday. The battles of Trenton and Brandywine took place on Thursday. No less than six were fought on Friday—the sailor's unlucky day: those of Princeton, Saratoga (first battle), Stony Point, Rocky Mount, Hanging Rock, Hobkirk's Hill, and Eutaw Springs. The surrender of Yorktown also took place on Friday. The battles of Bunker Hill, Fort Washington, Bennington, Germantown, Wyoming, Quaker Hill, and Jamestown took place on Saturday, as also the abandonment of Savannah.

The battle of New Orleans was fought on Sunday. The Duke of Wellington seems to have had a fondness for Sunday fights, which is perhaps accounted for by his Irish birth.—The battles of Vimiera, Fuentes D'Onore, Ciudad Rodrigo, Orthes, and Toulouse were fought on Sunday, and finally the great defeat of Waterloo was suffered by Napoleon on Sunday. In the Crimean war, the battle of Inkermann was fought on Sunday; and the great Sepoy Rebellion broke out at Meerut on Sunday.

There is no doubt that Washington gave his wearied and ill supplied troops rest on every Sunday when it was possible; and in so doing, he acted wisely. No doubt he never put off the exigency of the war because a Sunday happened to come in the way; nor did Cromwell, who fought the battle of Edgehill on Sunday, October 23d, 1642. But both spared their soldiers on Sunday when they could.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

NAPOLEON'S LAST EXPEDITION.

Reserved as Napoleon was with others, he told his mother of his plans. "I cannot," said he to her, "die on this island (Elba) and terminate my career in a repose unworthy of me. Besides, want of money would soon leave me here alone, exposed to the attacks of my many enemies. France is excited.—The Bourbons have roused against them all the convictions and interests connected with the Revolution. The army wishes for me. Everything inclines me to hope that the moment I appear, the soldiers will hasten to meet me. I certainly may meet with some unexpected obstacle in my path; I may meet an officer who, faithful to the Bourbons, would restrain the impetuosity of the troops, and then a few hours would end my career. Such an end were better than a long residence in this isle with the future that awaits me here. I will leave, and tempt fortune once more. What is your advice, mother?" This energetic-minded woman experienced an emotion of terror on receiving his confidence, for she saw that her son, notwithstanding all his glory, might die as a common malefactor on the shores of France. "Let me," she said, "be a mother for the moment, and then I will give you my opinion." She reflected for some time in silence, and then in a firm and inspired tone she said,—"Go, my son, go and fulfill your destiny. You will fail, perhaps, and your failure will be soon followed by your death. But I see with sorrow that you cannot remain here; but let us hope that God, who has protected you against so many battles, will save you once more." This said, she embraced him with deep emotion.—*History of the Consulate and the Empire of France Under Napoleon, by M. A. Thiers.*

A GOOD-NIGHT.

Sleep sound, dear love! Though the winds be high,
And the dark clouds drift through the troubled sky;
Though the rising waters foam and roar,
And mournfully howl round the tortured shore;
Ill sounds from thy slumbers be far away,
And soft be thy dreams as a summer's day.

Sleep sound! Though the world be weary with fears,
And eyes that love thee be sad with tears,
Yet never a sorrow break thy rest,
And never a pang shoot through thy breast:
No shadows pass o'er thy closed eyes,
But their visions be visions of Paradise.

Sleep sound, sweet love! Till the morning's light
Lead up a new day with its fresh delight:
Till the welcome sun, as it mounts above,
Recall thee to duty and peace and love,
To a calm existence, untouched by strife,
And the quiet round of a holy life!

MOUNT CARMEL.

For quiet, tranquil beauty, "the excellency of Carmel" is very charming, and among the many changes in the sacred sites, it is pleasant to find this mountain still worthy of its name—a full orchard, a fruitful field, is the meaning of the word. Having crossed the town, we were soon upon the mountain, winding up its steep sides, among thick, low woods of prickly oak, laurustinus, and other shrubs, with quantities of honeysuckles, and the ground variegated with all the hues of the rainbow, from the innumerable varieties of wild flowers which grow everywhere. We still looked back over the plain and the blue sea, until reaching the brow of the mountains, we lost it on this side to find it again on the other to the south, beyond the range of Judæan hills. Now came about twelve miles of undulating ground like park-land at home, bright, grassy, flowery lawns, studded with oaks of various kinds, pine, terebinth, and carouh, with thick brushwood of lovely storax, and sometimes a wild olive grove. Then, as we neared the south-eastern end of this long ridge, the plain of Esdraelon opened out before us, with Tabor, and Gilboa, and Little Hermon, and the Bashan Mountains beyond Jordan, while behind the hills to the north, beautiful Hermon appeared looking so close to Tabor as to realize one of the Psalmist's expressions,—"Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name."—*Beaufort's Eastern Shrines.*

☞ Character.—The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—*Franklin.*

THE MOON.

The moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she pined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it was in vain she shined:

Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne;
She is a beauty and a queen;
But what of this? she is alone.

Where are those who may share with thee
Thy glorious royalty on high?
I cannot choose but pity thee,
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother earth, on thee,
So there were others of my kin,
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, care and death;
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule you radiant sphere,
And be a solitary there.

A PARISH RIGHTLY SERVED.

Churches, in their eagerness to get rid of an unpopular pastor, are often willing to strain their consciences by resolutions expressive of the highest confidence and esteem. It would be a salutary lesson for some of them if they could be served as an English parish was once treated in similar circumstances:—

Archbishop Whately, in his "Annotations on Bacon's Essays," relates the following anecdote:—A curate of a London parish, of most exemplary conduct, was accustomed to remonstrate very freely with any of his people whose life was not what it should have been. They wished much to get rid of him, but could find no pretext for complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. They therefore hit upon this cunning plan. They drew up and signed a memorial to the bishop, setting forth the admirable character of the curate, lamenting that his eminent worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommended him for preferment. Soon after this very living quite unexpectedly became vacant, whereupon the bishop, considering how acceptable, as well as deserving, he appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial. The good man thanked the people with tearful eyes, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and assured them that he would continue all his life the course which had won their approbation. So the curate became permanently attached to the insincere parish as rector.

A FABLE.

Perhaps some of you have read the modern fable—as good as anything in Æsop, I think, although it is new—The Sparrow and the Eagle. One day the sparrow went to the eagle, and said to him, "May it please your royalty, I notice that you fly away with kids and lambs, that never did any harm to anybody. There is no creature in the world so malignant as the cat. She prowls round our nests, eats up our young, and bites off our own heads. She feeds so daintily, she must be good eating herself. She is lighter to carry than a kid, and then you would get a famous grip in her loose fur! Why don't you feed on cat?" "Oh," replied the eagle, "I had the worm here this morning, who asked me, 'Why don't you feed on sparrow?' Is that a piece of worm's skin I see on your beak, child?" The sparrow cleaned her beak on her feathers, and said, "I should like to see the worm that asked you that question." "Stand forth, worm," said the eagle; when the worm appeared, the sparrow snapped him up, and then went on with his argument against cats.—*Rev. W. H. Alger.*

How To Carry the Revolver.—An English traveller to California, over the plains, says:—

"From the moment of leaving St. Joseph to the time of reaching Placerville or Sacramento, the pistol should never be absent from a man's right side—remember, it is handier there than on the other—or the bowie-knife from his left. Contingencies with Indians and others may happen when the difference of a second saves life; the revolver should therefore be carried with its butt to the fore, and when drawn, it should not be levelled as in target practice, but directed towards the object, by means of the right forefinger laid flat along the cylinder, whilst the medius draws the trigger. The instinctive conceat between eye and hand, combined with a little practice, will soon enable the beginner to shoot correctly from the hip; all he has to do is to think that he is pointing at the mark, and pull. As a precaution, especially when mounted on a kicking horse, it is wise to place the cock upon a capless nipple, rather than trust to the intermediate pins. In dangerous places, the revolver should be discharged and reloaded every morning, both for the purpose of keeping the hand in and to do the weapon justice."

Want of Gratitude in Children.—It is to be feared it is too frequently the case that children and very young people are utterly wanting in gratitude to their parents. They may, and generally do, love them sincerely and devotedly, and may even be willing to sacrifice themselves for them; but it never occurs to them that they have anything for which to be grateful. It seems so much a matter of course that all good things should flow to them from their parents, that they never give a thought to the source whence they are derived. It is not until the parental hand is withdrawn by death, that they discover how much they owed to those who are no more; how much they miss the tender care that can no more assist them.

☞ A new reading of an old couplet is thus rendered by a savage hater of hoops and that style of dress which leaves too little of a woman's beauty to imagination:—

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded she's I stand."

THE DEBT-PAYER AN HONORABLE MAN.

Talking of such concerns, it is a theory of ours—based upon experience—that a man's character may be read if we can ascertain how he conducts himself in reference, especially, to his little indebtednesses—leaving the larger to take care of themselves. In politics, Jefferson's formula is comprehensive enough—"is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?"—but in private, ascertain, if you can, "whether he pays his debts when he has the money," and you will perhaps know enough for your guidance. If he does not, it is certain, at least, that there is a screw loose somewhere; and it is for you to determine how far such looseness affects the whole fabric. But if, on the contrary, a debt unpaid is a discomfort and an uneasiness from which spontaneously he is disposed to relieve himself, fear not to place yourself in such hands. The axis of this man's revolutions is true; and it may be inferred, we think, that all the mechanism works well; for when there is a disposition to go wrong, in almost any direction, it is generally shown early in the axis aforesaid. Have no faith in that species of goodness which is unwilling to pay its debts—"fine fellow," "good fellow," "whole-souled fellow," and that sort of thing—it is all nonsense, and worse than nonsense, leading to a belief that honesty and honor may be dispensed with, and that affection and esteem may be secured without them. Is he a "good fellow," for instance, who frolics and enjoys himself upon money which really belongs to other people? And is that a "whole-soul" which, while the washerwoman pines and suffers for want of that which is due to her by the individual with the "whole soul," goes flaunting about in gay attire from carousal to carousal, and from one place of enjoyment to another? Have no faith in it; and neither suffer yourself to think well of those who have fine houses, fine furniture, and parties, and are slow to pay for them, and slow likewise in paying for other things. Depend upon it that this open-heartedness, as people call it, and would have you admire, is all selfishness, narrowness and dishonor—selfishness, the most intense—so intense that when its own gratification is concerned, it can deny itself nothing, no matter how duty may remonstrate. He is a much better fellow than all these, who goes threadbare and refuses indulgence, until he can stand square with the world, though reckless profusion may deride him as mean; for you may rely upon it that he assumes no responsibilities except from a well-founded belief that he be able to meet them. He is the man that pays his debts, if a possibility exists of paying them; and we strongly incline to the conviction that a debt-paying man is one of the best members of society, and that he should thus be honored. Let us all, then, "pay our debts."—*J. O. Neal.*

The Training of Home Conversation.—To subordinate home training to school training, or intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most palpable and ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view. To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful of all accomplishments—the noble art of conversation. For conversation is an art as well as a gift. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between young and old, in the leisure and unreserve of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by the pressure of school tasks, talking with their school-mates till they "come out" into society, and then monopolized entirely by young persons of their own age, they easily learn to mistake the chatter for conversation, and "small talk" becomes for life, their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Wellington Never Lost a Gun.—It is a singular fact in this man's history that he never lost a gun to the enemy. "Returning with him one day from the hunting field," says Lord Ellesmere, "I asked him if he could form any calculation of guns he had taken in the course of his career?" "No," he replied, "not with accuracy; somewhere about 3,000, I should guess. At Oporto, after the passage of the Douro, I took the entire siege train of the enemy; at Vittoria and Waterloo I took every gun the enemy had in the field. After the battle of Salamanca," he went on to explain, "three of my guns, attached to some Portuguese cavalry, were captured in a trifling affair near Madrid, but they were recovered the next day. In the Pyrenees, Lord Hill found himself obliged to throw eight or nine guns over a precipice, but these were all recovered, and none fell into the enemy's hands at all."

Bivouac.—This word is commonly, but incorrectly regarded as of French origin. Its form is French, but it comes from the German *beiwachen*, to watch, or be on guard. The true meaning of it is also often lost sight of, for whereas it correctly applies only to those who pass the night under arms, or in an attitude of defence, it is frequently used of any encamping and passing the night in the open air.

It matters little what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die.
The less of this cold world, the more of Heaven.
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.—*Milnes.*

☞ An English paper says:—"In the course of an inquest taken before Mr. Wakely, coroner of London, that gentleman said it was surprising what fortitude was displayed by women whilst under any surgical operation, as compared with men. The latter he had seen quiver at the slightest touch, whilst women would submit to the most painful operation without a shudder." O. A. Brownson founds on this fact, the doctrine of the superior sensitiveness of the male organization.

THE TWO SUNSETS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Father gave us his blessing—
Three stout sons were we,
The eldest and tallest—
Jacob was next to me.

Abel the youngest and darling,
With his mother's thoughtful eye—
The handsomest boy that ever
Went willingly forth to die.

Father had read from the Psalmist
A war-song, kingly and bold;
Oh! I remember that hour—
That sunset, royal with gold,

Lighting crimson flames in the windows,
With a touch of its flashing mace,
And how in shadowless splendor
It crept to my mother's face,

Tinging the pallid hollows,
And the eyes that were wet with tears,
With a marvellous amber-lustre
That stole away half her years.

White, white, in the shadowy night,
Lifted the tented town:
And through each moss-green avenue
The moonlight drifted down.

We brothers sat together
When the hurried order came,
And we swore with locked hands lifted
We would win death or fame.

Quick to our arms, and forward,
In many a serried line—
And on till the gray-white shadows
Made way for the sun to shine,

And on till the baleful cannon
Hurled thunder along the ground,
And we knew by the air's hot pulsings,
That death was in every sound.

I knew no coward faltering,
I felt no throb of dread,
If I could shelter Abel,
No matter for me, I said;

Great Heaven! that fatal moment
A cloud of bullets came—
And Abel—he sprang forward
Moaning his mother's name—

And under cruel horse-hoofs
The boy fell in his gore—
With another cry of—"Mary"—
My God! I can tell no more.

There stood the old brown cottage,
There lay the gray door-stone,
And I with wounds still smarting,
Must enter the portals alone.

By the light of a dim-paned window
My sorrowful father bent,
And the sunset to his tresses
A strange, white glory lent

One cry that was partly joyous,
One sob as my name was spoken,
And I knew in that mournful sunset hour
My mother's heart was broken.

So in the silent chamber
I write as I sit alone,
And I see from the little window
The gleam of a churchyard stone

That marks the grave of my mother—
Oh! bitterly then I weep,
For I think of the Southern hill-side
Where Jacob and Abel sleep.

I know it may be sinful,
But my heart must have its will,
And I curse all ruthless traitors
Who help such graves to fill.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COUNCIL.

Flying Eagle, since the commencement of the expedition, in which he had consented to take a share, had constantly played a passive part, accepting, without discussion, the combinations proposed by Marksman, executing frankly and faithfully the orders he received from the hunter; in a word, entirely performing the part of a warrior subordinate to a chief whose duty it is to think for him: hence the new attitude suddenly assumed by the Sachem filled the Canadian with surprise, for he had no notion on what subject the debate was about to turn, and he feared in his heart lest, in the critical situation he was in at the moment, the Comanche intended to leave him to his own resources, or, perhaps, raise obstacles to the execution of his plans. Hence he impatiently awaited the explanation of his ally's strange conduct.

The Chief, still apathetic, rose, and bowing once again, began to speak—

"Palefaces, my brothers," he said, in his guttural and sympathetic voice, "for more than a moon we have been together on the same path, sharing the same fatigue, sleeping side by side, eating the produce of the same chase; but the chief you admitted to share your labor and perils has not, till this day, been allowed to advance so far in your confidence as a friend should do. Your heart has ever remained to him closed and covered with a thick cloud. Your projects are as unknown to him as on the first day. The words your chest breathes are and remain to him inexplicable riddles. Is this right—is it just? No! Why did you summon me? why did you beg me to accompany you, if I am ever to remain a stranger to you? Up to the present I have shut up in my heart the bitterness which your suspicious conduct caused me. Not a complaint rose from my heart to my lips, on seeing myself treated in a manner so ill suited to my rank and the relations I have maintained with you. Even at this moment I would continue to maintain silence if my friendship for you was not stronger than the resentment caused by your ungenerous conduct toward me. We are on the holy land of the Indians: the ground we tread on is sacred; perils surround us, numberless snares are laid for our steps on all sides.—Why should I teach you to avoid them, if your plans are not at length revealed to me, and unless I know whether the path we are following is that of war or of hunting? Speak with frankness—take the skin from your heart, as I have done from mine. Enlighten me as to the conduct you intend to pursue, and the object you propose, so that I may aid you by my counsels should that be necessary, and that, being your ally, I should no longer be kept aloof from your deliberations, which is unworthy of a warrior like myself. I have spoken, brothers. I await your answer, which I am convinced will be such as warriors so wise and experienced as yourselves ought to give."

During the speech of the Comanche Chief, Marksman had repeatedly given signs of impatience, and, had he not feared making a breach in the rules of Indian etiquette by interrupting him, he would certainly have done so; it was with great difficulty he succeeded in restraining himself and maintaining that apathetic appearance absolutely demanded in such circumstances. So soon as the Chief took his place again, the hunter rose and spoke in a firm voice, with these words:—

"The Wacondah is great. He holds in his right hand the hearts of all men, whatever their color may be; He alone can know their intentions and read their souls. The reproaches you address to me, Chief, have an appearance of justice which I will not discuss with you. You may have supposed, from the conduct which circumstances have hitherto constrained me to hold toward you, that I did not grant you all the confidence you so justly desired; but it is not so; I waited till the hour for speaking arrived, not only to explain to you my intentions, but also to claim your assistance and intervention. As you wish me to explain myself at once, I will do so; but, perhaps, it would have been better for you to wait till the forest in which we now are was traversed."

"I will remark to my brother that I demand nothing of him. I thought it my duty to make certain observations to him; if he does not find them just, his heart is good. He will pardon me when he remembers that I am only a poor Indian, whose intellect is obscured by a cloud, and that I had no intention to wound him."

"No, no, Chief," the hunter said, quickly; "as we are on this question, it is better to clear it up at once, in order not to have to return to it again, and that nothing may arise between us for the future."

"I am at my brother's orders, ready to hear, if it pleases him, and willing still to wait, if he considers it necessary."

"I thank you, Chief; but I adhere to my first resolution. I prefer to tell you all."

The Comanche smiled cunningly.

"Is my brother really resolved to speak?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Good. Then my brother has nothing to add. All that he has to say to me, I know. He can tell me nothing more than I have guessed myself."

The hunter could not repress a start of surprise.

"Oh, oh," he muttered, "what is the meaning of that, Chief? Why, then, the reproaches you addressed to me?"

"Because I wished to make my brother understand that a friend must hold nothing concealed from another. Especially when that friend has been proved for long years, when his fidelity is staunch, and he can be depended on like a second self."

The hunter smiled slightly, but at once regained his gravity.

"Thanks for the lesson you give me, Chief," he said, holding out his hand cordially. "I deserve it, for I really failed in my confidence to you. The service I expect from you, is so important for us that I put off daily asking it of you, and, in spite of myself, I confess I should probably not have made up my mind till the very last moment."

"I know it," the Comanche said, his good temper entirely restored.

"Still," the hunter continued, "in spite of the assurance that you know my plans, it would be, perhaps, as well for me to enter into certain details, of which you are ignorant."

"I repeat to my brother, that I know all. Flying Eagle is one of the first chiefs of his nation; he has a quick ear and a piercing sight. For nearly two moons he has not left the great pale warrior; during that period, many events have happened, many words have been spoken before him. The Chief has seen, he has heard, and all is as clear in his mind as if these things had been drawn for him on one of those collars which the white men know so well how to make, and some of which he has seen in the hands of the Chief of the Prayer."

"However great your penetration may be, Chief," the hunter objected, "I can scarcely imagine you so well acquainted with my intentions as you suppose."

"Not only do I know my brother's intentions, but I am also aware of the service he expects from me."

"By Jove! Chief, you will cause me enormous pleasure by telling it to me; not that I doubt your penetration, for the red men are renowned for their cleverness. Still all this seems to me so extraordinary, that I should like to be convinced, were it only for my personal satisfaction, and to prove to the persons who hear us how wrong we white men are in imagining that we are so superior in intellect, when, on the contrary, you Indians leave us so far behind."

"Hum!" Domingo muttered, "what you say there is rather strong, old hunter. It is notorious that the Indians are brute beasts."

"That is not my opinion," Don Mariano remarked, "though I know very little of the Redskins, with whom I never entered into any connection before this occasion. Still, since my arrival in these regions, I have seen them accomplish acts so astonishing, that I should not feel at all surprised if this Chief had completely read our plans, as he assures us."

"I think so, too," the hunter added. "However, we shall judge. Speak, Chief, that we may know as soon as possible what opinion to form of the penetration you flatter yourself with possessing."

"Flying Eagle is not a chattering old woman, who boasts rightly and wrongly; he is a Sachem, whose deeds and words are ripely meditated. He does not pretend to know more than his brothers, the palefaces; still, the experience he has acquired serves him in the place of wisdom, and helps him to explain what he sees and hears."

"That is well, Chief. I know that you are a valiant and renowned warrior. Our ears are open; we are listening to you with all the attention you deserve."

My brother, the great hunter, wishes to enter Quiepas Tani, where the two white maidens are sheltered, one of whom is the daughter of the Chief with the grey beard. These two women were confided to an Apache Sachem, called Addick. My brother the hunter is anxious to arrive at Quiepas Tani, because he fears treachery from the Apache Chief, whom he suspects of having allied himself with the white man who was hired by the palefaces to carry off the two women, and make them disappear. I have spoken. Have I truly understood the intentions of my brother, or am I deceived?"

His auditors regarded each other with amazement. The Chief enjoyed his triumph for a moment, and then continued:—

"Now, this is the service the hunter wishes to ask of the Comanche Sachem—"

"By heavens, Chief," Marksman exclaimed; "I must confess that all you have said is true. How did you learn it? I know not how to explain it, although I grant we have said enough on the subject in your presence, to enable you to guess it; but as for the service I expect from you, if you can tell me that, I will allow you to be the greatest—"

"Let my brother not be rash," the Chief interrupted him, with a proud smile, "lest he should soon take me for an adept of the great *medicine*."

"Hum," the hunter said, gravely, "I should not like to swear you are not."

"Ooh! my brother shall judge. No paleface has, till this day, succeeded in entering Quiepas Tani; still my brother wishes, at all hazards, to visit the city, in order to obtain certain information about the two pale virgins. Unfortunately, my brother does not know how to set about his plan, nor how he would succeed in saving the maidens, if he found them in danger. That is why he thought of Flying Eagle. He said to himself that his red brother was a Chief, and must have friends or relations in Quiepas Tani; that the entrance to the city, forbidden him through his color, was not so to the Chief, and that Flying Eagle would obtain for him the information he could not obtain himself."

"Yes, that is what I thought, Chief. Why should I conceal it? Am I mistaken? Will you not do that for me?"

"I will do better," the Indian answered. "Let my brother listen. Eglantine is a woman; no one will notice her; she will enter the city unperceived, and obtain the information the hunter needs better than the Chief can. When the moment for action arrives, Flying Eagle will help the hunter."

"By Jove! you are right, Sachem; your idea is better than mine. It is preferable in every respect that Eglantine should go on the discovery. A woman cannot inspire suspicions, and she can learn news better than any one. Let us start, then, without any further delay. So soon as we have crossed the forest, we will send her to the Tzinco."

Flying Eagle shook his head, and kept his hold of the hunter's arm, who had already risen to set out.

"My brother is quick," he said, "let me say one word more."

"Let us see."

"Eglantine will go ahead; my brother will have news sooner."

Don Mariano rose, and pressed the Comanche's hand, with emotion.

"Thanks for the good thought that has occurred to you, Chief," he said to him. "You have delicate feelings; your heart is noble; it can sympathize with a father's sorrow. Once again I thank you."

The Indian turned away, to conceal the trace of agitation on his face, which, in his idea, was unworthy a Chief, who, under all circumstances, must remain stoical.

"In truth," Marksman said, "the Chief's proposal will make us gain precious time; his idea is excellent."

Flying Eagle made Eglantine a sign to approach him, which she at once obeyed. The Chief then explained to her, in his tongue, what she was to do, to which she listened with charming grace, standing timidly before him. When Flying Eagle had given her his instructions most fully, and she perfectly understood what was wanted of her, she turned gracefully to Don Mariano and Marksman, and said, with a smile almost prophetic—

"Eglantine will learn."

These two words filled the poor father's heart with joy and hope.

"Bless you, young woman!" he said; "bless you, for the kindness you show me at this moment, and that you intend to show me."

The separation between husband and wife was as it should be with Indians; that is to say, grave and cold. Whatever love Flying Eagle felt for his companion, he would have been ashamed, in the presence of strangers, and above all of whites, to display the slightest emotion, or allow the feelings of his heart towards her to be guessed.

After bowing once more to Don Mariano and Marksman in farewell, Eglantine hastened away, with that quick and high step, which renders the Indians the first walkers in the world. Though the Chief's stoicism was so great, still he looked after his young wife, until she disappeared among the trees.

As nothing pressed them at the moment, the adventurers allowed the great heat of the day to pass, and only set out when the declining sun appeared like a ball of fire, almost on a level with the ground. At length, after a four days' march, during which they had to endure extraordinary fatigue, they saw the trees growing more sparsely, the scrub become less dense, and between the trees they perceived a deep and open horizon.

Although the adventurers were in the heart of a virgin forest, where, according to all probability, they could not expect to meet anybody of their own species, they neglected no precaution, and advanced very prudently in Indian file, with the finger on the trigger, eye and ear on the watch; for being so near one of the sacred Indian cities, they might expect, especially after the smart skirmish a few days previously, to be tracked by scouts sent to search of them.

Toward the evening of the fourth day, at the moment they were preparing to camp for the night in a vast clearing on the banks of a nameless stream, so many of which are met with in the virgin forests, Marksman, who was marching at the head of the little party, suddenly stopped, and looked down on the ground, with signs of the utmost astonishment.

"What is it?" Don Mariano anxiously asked him.

Marksman did not answer him; but he turned to the Indian Chief, and said, with a certain degree of alarm—

"Look yourself, Chief; this seems to me inconceivable."

Flying Eagle stooped down in his turn, and remained a long time examining the marks which seemed to trouble the hunter so greatly. At length he rose.

"Well?" Marksman asked him.

"A band of horsemen has passed by here this very day," he replied.

"Yes," the hunter said, "but who are the horsemen? where do they come from? that is what I want to know."

The Indian resumed his inspection, with an attention more minute than before.

"They are palefaces;" after a pause he said.

"What! palefaces?" Marksman exclaimed, with a voice prudently suppressed; "it is impossible! Think where we are. Never has a white man, excepting myself, penetrated into these regions."

"They are palefaces," the Chief insisted. "Look, one of them stopped here and dismounted; here is the mark of his steps; his foot crushed that tuft of grass; one of the nails in his shoe left a line on that stone."

"That is true," Marksman muttered; "the Indian mocassins do not leave such marks. But who can these men be? how did they get here? what direction have they followed?"

While Marksman was asking himself these questions, and hopelessly seeking the solution of the problem, Flying Eagle had walked some paces, attentively following the marks, which were perfectly plain on the ground.

"Well, Chief," the hunter asked, as he saw him returning, "have you found anything which can put us on the right scent?"

"Wah!" the Indian said, with a toss of his head. "The trail is fresh; the horsemen are not far off."

"Are you sure of it, Chief? Remember how important it is for us to know who the people are we have for neighbors."

The Comanche remained silent for a moment, plunged in serious thought. Then he raised his head.

"Flying Eagle," he said, "will try to satisfy his brother. Let the palefaces remain here till his return; the Chief will take up the trail; he will soon tell the hunter if the men are friends or enemies."

"By Jove! I will go with you, Chief," Marksman sharply replied. "It shall not be said that, in order to be useful to us, you exposed yourself to a serious danger, without having a friend near to back you up."

"No," the Indian went on; "my brother must remain here; one warrior is sufficient."

Marksman knew that, when once the Chief had formed a resolution, nothing could make him alter it. Hence he no longer urged it.

"Go then," he said, "and act as you please. I know that what you do will be right."

"And what are we to do?" Don Mariano asked.

"Await the Chief's return," Marksman answered; "and while doing so, prepare supper, the need of which I am certain you are beginning to feel, like myself."

The adventurers installed themselves, as well as they could, in the clearing, following Marksman's advice, and awaiting the return of the scout, whose absence, however, was much longer than they expected; for night had fallen long before he made his appearance.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SECOND DETACHMENT.

As we have said in our previous chapter, Flying Eagle started on the trail of the horsemen, whose footsteps had been perceived by Marksman.

The Indian was really one of the finest sleuth-hounds of his nation; for, although night fell rapidly, and soon prevented him from distinguishing the traces which served to guide him in his search, he continued not a bit the less to advance with a sure and certain step.

Flying Eagle continued walking thus for an hour without hesitation or checking his speed. On reaching a spot where the trees fell back on both sides, thus forming an open space into which several wild beast tracks opened, the chief stopped for a moment, cast an investigating and suspicious glance around, clutched his rifle, which he had hitherto carried on his back, inspected the priming carefully, and bending his body to a level with the tall grass, he advanced with measured steps toward a thicket, the branches of which he drew aside, and in which he speedily disappeared.

So soon as he was completely concealed, the Comanche knelt down, gradually opened the leafy curtain that hid him, and looked out. Suddenly Flying Eagle rose, uncocked his rifle, which he threw back again on his shoulder, and stepped forth with head erect and a smile on his lips.

In the centre of a large clearing, illumined by three or four fires, some twenty men were encamped, picturesquely grouped round the fires, and joyously preparing their evening meal, while their horses grazed a short distance off.

These horsemen, whom Flying Eagle recognized at the first glance, were Don Leo de Torris, Brighteye, and the Gambusinos detached in pursuit of Don Estevan. The Indian approached the fire near which Don Leo and the hunters were seated, and stopped in front of them.

"May the Wacondah watch over my brothers!" he said, in salutation; "a friend has come to visit them."

"He is welcome," Don Leo answered gracefully, as he held out his hand.

"Yes," Brighteye went on, "a thousand times welcome; though there's reason that his presence should surprise us."

The Chief bowed, and took his place between the two whites.

"How is it we meet you here?" the hunter asked.

"The question my brother asks me at this moment is exactly what I was preparing to ask myself."

"How so?" Don Miguel asked.

"Does not my brother, the paleface, know where he is at this moment?"

"Not at all. Since our separation, we have constantly followed the trail of an enemy, though we could not catch up to him; that trail has led us to parts strange to Brighteye himself."

"I am bound to confess it. This is the second time such a thing has occurred to me, and under exactly similar circumstances. The first time, I remember, it was in 1843. I was on the —"

"But if the hunter does not know these regions," Flying Eagle interrupted him unceremoniously, "my brother, the warrior, knows them."

"I?" Don Leo said. "Not the least in the world, Chief. I assure you it is the first time I have come this way."

"My brother is mistaken, he has been here before; but, like all the palefaces, my brother's memory is short, he has forgotten."

"No, Chief. I am too well acquainted with the desert not to recognize, at the first glance, any spot which I have once visited."

The Indian smiled at this pretension, which was so poorly justified.

"Yes, that has happened to my brother today," he said, "though only three moons, at the most, have passed since he visited these parts in company with the pale hunter to whom he gave the name of Marksman."

The adventurer started, and a lively emotion could be seen on his face.

"What do you mean, Redskin, in heaven's name?" he said, quickly.

"I mean that Quiepas Tani is there," the Indian answered, stretching out his arm in a south-western direction: "that we are but a half-day's journey distant from it at the most."

"Can it be possible?"

"Oh!" the young man exclaimed, energetically, as he suddenly rose; "thanks for these good news, Chief."

"What are you going to do?" Brighteye asked him.

"What am I going to do? Cannot you guess it? Those we wish to save are only a few leagues from us, and you ask me that question!"

"I ask it of you because I fear, through your impetuosity and imprudence, lest you might compromise the success of our expedition."

"Your words are harsh, old hunter; but I pardon them, because you cannot understand my feelings."

"Perhaps I can, perhaps I cannot, Don Miguel; but, believe me, in an expedition like ours, stratagem alone can lead us to success."

"Deuce take stratagem, and he who recommends it," the young man exclaimed, passionately. "I wish to deliver the girls whom, through my mad confidence, I led into this snare."

"And whom you lose forever by another act of madness. Trust in the experience of a man who has lived in the desert more years than you count months in your life. Since we have been following Don Estevan's trail, you have seen that a strong party of Indian horsemen has joined him, I think? At two paces from a holy city, whose population is immense, do you intend to contend with your fifteen Gambusinos against several thousand brave and experienced Redskin warriors? That would be committing suicide with your eyes open. If Don Estevan is proceeding in this direction, it is because he also knows that the maidens are in Quiepas Tani. Do not let us hurry, but watch our enemy's movements, without revealing our presence, or letting him suspect we are so near him. In that way, I answer for our success on my head."

The young man had listened to these remarks with the greatest attention. When Brighteye ceased, he pressed his hand affectionately, and sat down at once by his side.

"Thanks, my old friend," he said, "thanks for the rough way in which you have spoken to me. You have brought me back to my senses. I was mad. But," he added, a moment after, "what is to be done? How to save these unhappy maidens?"

Flying Eagle, during the preceding conversation, had remained calm and silent, apathetically smoking his Indian calumet; on hearing Don Leo speak thus, he understood it was time for him to interfere.

"The pale warrior can regain his courage," he said. "Eglantine is in Quiepas Tani; to-morrow at sunrise we shall have news of the pale virgins."

"Oh! oh!" the young man said, joyously. "So soon as your wife returns from that nest of demons, I promise her, Chief, the handsomest pair of bracelets and the prettiest earrings an Indian *cithault* ever yet wore."

"Eglantine needs no reward for serving her friends."

"I know it, Chief; but you will not refuse me the satisfaction of giving her this slight token of my gratitude, Chief?"

"My brother is at liberty to do so."

"Halloa!" Brighteye suddenly remarked, "by what chance did you come to our camp this night?"

"Have you not understood?"

"On my word, no. We were far from suspecting you to be so near us."

"That is true," Don Miguel remarked; "but now that I know where we are, all is explained."

"Yes; but that does not tell us why the Chief came to find us here."

"Because," Flying Eagle replied, "we discovered your footsteps crossing the trail we followed."

"That is true; and you came to reconnoitre."

The Chief nodded an assent.

"Have our friends stopped far from here?"

"No," the Indian said, "I am going to rejoin them, in order to tell them who are the men I have seen. My absence has been long; the palefaces are soon alarmed. I am going."

"One moment," Brighteye observed. "As chance has brought us together again, perhaps it will be better not to separate again; we shall, possibly, need one another."

"What is your advice, Chief? Will it be better for us to accompany you to your bivouac, or will you join us?"

"We will come hither."

"Make haste, then, for I am curious to know what has happened to you since our separation at the ford of the Rubio."

"Flying Eagle is a good runner," the Chief answered, "but he has only the feet of a man."

"By the way, why did you not come on horseback?"

"Our horses were left at the camp of the great river. A trail is better followed afoot."

"That is easily remedied. How many are you?"

"Four."

"What, four? I fancied you were more."

"Yes, but the pale hunter will explain to you why two of our comrades have left us."

"Good. I will accompany you."

Don Leo immediately gave orders to have four horses got ready, and recommended Brighteye to watch over the camp during his absence, then, mounting his horse, in which he was imitated by the Chief, the two set off, leading the horses intended for the men they were going to find.

The two men only took twenty minutes in covering the ground which Flying Eagle had spent more than an hour in crossing, owing to the precautions he was compelled to take when following an unknown trail, which might belong to enemies. They found Marksman and Don Mariano with loaded rifles, and keeping good watch. While awaiting Flying Eagle's return, they had fallen asleep; but the steps of the horses awoke them, and they stood on their defence in case of the worst.

On their awakening, however, a very disagreeable surprise awaited them. They found only two instead of three. Domingo, the Gambusino, had disappeared. So soon as he recognized Don Miguel, the Canadian said, with extreme agitation—

"Dismount, dismount, Caballero! we must all go beating."

"What humbug at this hour, Marksman?" Don Miguel answered. "Why, you must be mad!"

"I am not mad," the Canadian said, hurriedly, "but I repeat, dismount and hunt; we are betrayed."

"Betrayed!" Don Miguel exclaimed, starting with surprise; "by whom, in Heaven's name?"

"By Domingo! The traitor has fled during our sleep! Oh! I was right to distrust his coppery face!"

"Domingo fled!—a traitor! You are mistaken!"

"I am not. Hunt after him, I tell you, in the name of those you have sworn to save!"

No more was needed to exasperate the young man; he bounded from his steed and seized his rifle.

"What is to be done?" he asked.

"Scatter over the ground," the hunter rapidly answered. "Each go a different way; and may Heaven bless our search! We have lost too much time already."

Without any further exchange of words, the four men buried themselves in the forest in four different directions.

But the darkness was dense. Beneath the cover, where, even by day, the sunbeams penetrated with difficulty, on this black and moonless night they could distinguish nothing two steps ahead of them; and if, instead of flying, the Gambusino had contented himself with hiding in the vicinity, the hunters would evidently have passed without noticing him. The search lasted a long time, for the hunters comprehended the importance of finding the fugitive again; but, in spite of all their skill, they could discover nothing.

Marksman, Don Mariano, and Don Miguel had been back by the fire several minutes; they were communicating to each other the closeness of their pursuit, when suddenly, a dazzling flash crossed the forest, and a shot was heard, almost immediately followed by a second.

"Let us run up," Marksman shouted. "Flying Eagle has found the vermin. Never was a better sleuth-hound after game."

The three men ran at full speed in the direction of the shots they had heard. On approaching, they found that an obstinate contest was going on. The war yell of the Co-

manches, uttered in Flying Eagle's powerful voice, permitted them no doubt on that head. At length they debouched on the scene of action.

Flying Eagle, with his foot on the chest of a man thrown down before him, and who writhed like a serpent to escape the fearful pressure, leant his back against a black oak, and, tomahawk in hand, was defending himself like a lion against half-a-dozen Indins who attacked him together.

The three white men clubbed their rifles and rushed into the medley with a terrible cry of defiance. The effect of this diversion was instantaneous. The Redskins dispersed in all directions, and fled like a legion of phantoms.

"After them!" Don Miguel howled, as he rushed forward.

"Stop!" Marksman shouted, as he seized him by the arm; "you might as well pursue the cloud carried off by the wind. Let the scoundrels escape, we shall find them again, I warrant."

The adventurer perceived that a pursuit in the dark would be giving an enormous advantage to his enemy, who was better acquainted with the country, and probably very numerous; hence he stopped with a sigh of regret. The Chief was then surrounded, and complimented on his glorous resistance. The Sachem received the remarks with his habitual modesty.

"Wha!" he merely answered, "the Apaches are cowardly old women. One Comanche warrior is sufficient to kill six times ten of them, and twenty more."

By a miraculous chance, the brave Indian had only received a few insignificant wounds, to which, in spite of his friend's earnest entreaties, he paid no further attention than washing them with cold water.

"But," Marksman suddenly said, stooping down, "whom have we here? Eh, if I am not mistaken, it is our fugitive!"

It was really Domingo. The poor wretch had his thigh broken; doubtlessly foreseeing the fate that awaited him, he howled with pain, but would give no other answer.

"It would be a good deed," Don Marino said, "to dash out this poor fellow's brains, to terminate his sufferings."

"Let us be in no hurry," the implacable hunter remarked. "Everything will have its season. Let Flying Eagle explain to us how he found him."

"Yes, that is important," Don Miguel said.

"It is the Wacondah who delivered this man into my hands," the Chief answered sententiously. "I had ransacked the forest with as much care as the darkness permitted me, and was returning to you, wearied with nearly two hours' fruitless search, when, at the moment I least thought of it, I was attacked by more than ten Apaches, who rushed on me from all sides at once. This man was at the head of the assailants. He fired his gun at me, but did not hit me. I answered in the same way; but more successfully, for he fell. I immediately set my foot on his chest, for fear he should escape me, and defended myself to my best against my enemies, in order to give you time to come to my assistance. I have spoken."

"By heaven, Chief;" the hunter exclaimed, enthusiastically, "you are a brave warrior! What you have done is grand. This villain, on leaving us, found a party of these birds of prey, and was, doubtlessly returning with the intention of attacking us during our sleep."

"Well!" Don Mariano remarked, "he is found again; so all is for the best."

The wounded man made a great effort, and, leaning on his right hand, he drew himself up and gave a ghastly grin.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I know I am about to die; but it will not be without vengeance."

"What do you say, villain?" Don Mariano exclaimed.

"I say that your brother knows all, my fine gentleman, and will succeed in foiling your plans."

"Viper! what have I done to make you act thus towards me?"

"You did nothing," he replied, with a demoniac grin; "but," he added, pointing to Don Miguel, "I have hated that man for a long time."

"Die, then, villain!" the exasperated young man shouted, as he set the cold muzzle of his rifle on his forehead.

Flying Eagle turned the weapon aside.

"This man is mine, brother," he said.

Don Miguel slowly removed his rifle, and turned to the Chief.

"I consent, but on condition that he dies."

A sinister smile played for a second round the Indian's thin lips.

"Yes," he said, "and by an Apache death."

Then, unfastening the bow he wore by the side of his panther-skin quiver, he placed the string round the Gambusino's skull, and, forming a tourniquet, by means of an arrow passed through the string, while, with his knee buried between the wretch's shoulders, he seized his hair in his right hand, and drew it to him. He scalped in this manner, inflicting on him the most abominable torture that can be imagined, since, instead of cutting the skin with his knife, he literally tore it off by means of the string. The bandit, with his face inundated with blood, and disfigured features, clasped his hands by a supreme effort, exclaiming, with an expression impossible to describe—

"Kill me! oh, for pity's sake, kill me!"

The Comanche placed his furious face close to the bandit's.

"Traitors are not killed," he said, in a hollow voice.

And then, seizing him by the neck, he thrust the blade of his knife between the clenched teeth, forced the mouth open, and tore out his tongue, which he threw from him in disgust.

"Die like a dog!" he yelled; "thy lying ongue shall betray never more!"

Domingo uttered a cry of pain so horrible, that the hearers started with terror, and rolled senseless on the ground.*

* The author saw this punishment inflicted on a North American by an Apache.

Flying Eagle contemptuously kicked the bandit's dead body aside, and turned to his companions.

"Let us go," he said.

They followed him in silence, terrified by the scene of which they had been witnesses. An hour later, they found Brighteye at the bivouac.

At sunrise, Flying Eagle approached Marksman and gently touched him on the shoulder.

"What do you want?" the hunter asked, as he woke.

"The Sachem is going to meet Eglantine," the Chief answered, simply.

And he went away.

"There is something human in those savage fellows, after all," the hunter muttered, as he watched him depart.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TLACATEOTZIN.*

Two hours after sunrise, Flying Eagle returned to the camp, followed by Eglantine: the council immediately assembled to hear the news.

The young Indian woman had not learned much: it was contained in one sentence.

The two Mexican girls were still in the city. Addick was absent, but expected at any moment.

These news, slight as they were, were, however, good; for, though the details were wanting, the hunters knew that their enemies had not yet had time to act. The point was now to get before them and carry off the girls, ere they had time to prevent it.

But to do so, they must enter the city, and there lay the difficulty.

A difficulty which, at the first blush, appeared insurmountable.

In this moment of distress, all eyes were turned to Flying Eagle. The Chief smiled.

Through the expression of agony depicted on every countenance, the Indian guessed what was expected of him. "The hour has arrived," he said. "My pale brothers demand of me the greatest sacrifice they can demand of a Sachem,—that is to say, to open to them the gates of one of the last refuges of the Indian religion, the principal sanctuary where is still preserved intact the law of Thuicamina† the greatest, the most powerful, and most unhappy of all the sovereigns who have governed the country of Hanahuac: still, in order to prove to my pale brothers how red the blood is that flows in my veins, and how pure and cloudless my heart is, I will do it for them, as I have promised."

At the assurance given by Flying Eagle, whose word could not be doubted, every face brightened. The Chief continued—

"Flying Eagle has no forked tongue; what he says, he does; he will introduce the great pale hunter into Quiepas Tani; but my brothers must forget that they are warriors and brave: cunning alone can make them triumph. Has the great hunter of the pale-faces understood the words of the Chief?—Is he resolved to trust to his prudence and sagacity?"

"I will act as you point out, Chief," Marksman replied, for he knew that the Comanche was addressing him. "I promise to let myself be entirely guided by you."

"Wah!" the Indian continued, with a smile. "All is well, then; before two hours my brother will be in Quiepas Tani."

"May Heaven grant it be so, and my poor child be saved!" Don Mariano muttered.

"I have been long used to contend in cunning with Indians," the hunter answered.—"Up to the present, thanks to Heaven! I have always come off pretty well from my meetings with them. I have good hopes of success this time."

"We will hold ourselves in readiness to come to your aid, if needed," Don Miguel observed.

"Above all, take care not to be tracked; you know that traitor of a Domingo has put them on your scent."

"Trust to me for that, Marksman," Brighteye eagerly interposed; "I know what it is to play at hide and seek with the Indians.—It is not the first time this happens to me; and I remember, in 1843, at the hour I was—"

"I know," the Canadian cut him short, "that you are not the man to let yourself be surprised, my friend, and that is enough for me; but keep a good look-out, so as to be ready at the first signal."

"And what will that signal be? for we must understand one another thoroughly, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, which, annoying at all times, would, in our present circumstances, be utter ruin."

"You are right. When you hear the cry of the hawk repeated thrice, at equal intervals, then you must act vigorously."

"That is understood," Brighteye said; "trust to me for that."

"I am ready," Marksman said to the Chief. "What must I do?"

"In the first place, dress yourself," Flying Eagle answered.

"What! dress myself?" the hunter said, surveying his person with surprise.

"Wah! does my brother fancy he will enter Quiepas Tani in his paleface clothes?"

"That is true; an Indian disguise is absolutely necessary. Wait a minute."

The *travestissement* did not take long to effect.

Eglantine modestly retired into the forest, so as not to be present at the hunter's toilet.

In a few minutes Marksman took from his alforgas a razor, with which he removed beard and moustache. During this time the Chief had plucked a plant, which grew abundantly in the forest. After extracting the juice, Flying Eagle helped the Canadian to stain his body and face. Then the Chief drew on his chest an *ayotl*, or sacred tortoise, accompanied by several fantastic ornaments that had nothing warlike about them, and which he reproduced on his face. After that, he gave the hunter's black hair a white tinge, intended to make him look very aged; for among the Indians the hair retains its color for a long period. He knotted his curls on the top of his head, after the fashion of the Yumas—the most travelled of the redskins—and to the left of this tuft, to show that it adorned the head of a pacific chief, he fixed a panagallo feather, instead of a scalp lock, as is the custom with the warriors.

When these preparations were completed, Flying Eagle asked the Europeans, who had curiously followed the metamorphosis, how they liked their comrade.

"My word," Brighteye answered simply, "if I had not been present at the transformation, I should not recognize him; and, by the way, I remember a singular adventure that occurred to me in 1836. Just imagine—"

"Well, and what do you say?" the Indian continued, pitilessly cutting the Canadian short, and turning to Don Miguel.

The latter could not refrain from laughing on looking at the hunter.

"I consider him hideous; he bears such a resemblance to a redskin, that I feel sure he can risk it boldly."

"Och! the Indians are very clever," the Chief muttered. "Still, I believe that, disguised thus, if my brother is willing thoroughly to represent the character he has assumed, he has nothing to fear."

"I mean to do it. Still, I would remark, Chief, that I do not yet know what part you mean me to play."

"My brother is a Tlacateotzin—a great medicine man of the Yumas."

"By Jove! the idea is a good one. In that way I can get in anywhere."

The Comanche bowed with a smile.

"I shall be very clumsy, if I do not succeed," the hunter continued. "But as I am a doctor, I must not forget to furnish myself with medicaments."

Thereupon Marksman rummaged his alforgas, took out of them all that might have compromised him, and only left in them a little box of specifics, which he always carried about him,—a precious store he had employed on many an occasion. He closed the alforgas, threw them on his back, and turned to the Chief.

"I am ready," he said to him.

"Good. Myself and Eglantine will go in front, in order to make the road easy for my brother."

The hunter gave a sign of assent. The Indian called his wife, and both, after taking leave of the adventurers, went off.

So soon as the Chief was out of sight, the hunter, in his turn, said good-bye to his comrades. It was, perhaps, the last time he would see them; for who could foresee the fate reserved for him among these ferocious Indians, into whose hands he was about, defencelessly, to surrender himself?

"I will accompany you to the edge of the forest," Don Miguel said, "in order fully to understand the means I must employ to be able to run up at the first signal."

"Come," the hunter said, laconically.

They went away, followed by the eyes of all their comrades, who saw Marksman depart with an indescribable feeling of anxiety and sorrow.

The two men walked side by side, without exchanging a word. The Canadian was plunged in deep thought; Don Miguel seemed a prey to an emotion which he could not succeed in overcoming. In this way they reached the last trees of the forest.

The hunter stopped.

"It is here we must part," he said, to his companion.

"That is true," the young man muttered, as he looked sadly around.

Then he was silent. The Canadian waited a moment. Seeing, at length, that Don Miguel would not speak, he asked him—

"Have you anything to say to me?"

"Why do you ask me that question?" the young man asked him, with a start.

"Because," the hunter answered, "you have not come so far, Don Leo, merely to enjoy my company a little longer. You must, I repeat, have something to say to me."

"Yes, it is true," he said, with an effort, "you have guessed it. I wish to speak with you; but I know not how it is, my throat rises. I cannot find words to express my feelings. Oh, if I possessed your experience and your knowledge of Indian language, no other than myself, I assure you, Marksman, would have gone to Quiepas Tani."

"Yes, it must be so," the hunter muttered, speaking to himself, rather than answering his friend; "and why should it not be so? Love is the sun of youth. All love in this world. Why should two handsome and well-made beings alone remain insensible to each other, and not love? What do you wish me to say to them for you?" he added, quickly.

"Oh!" the young man exclaimed, "you perceived, then, that I loved her? You are master, then, of the secret which I did not dare confess to myself!"

"Do not be alarmed about that, my friend. The secret is as safe in my heart as in yours."

"Alas, my friend! the words I should wish to say to her my mouth alone could utter with the hope of making them reach her heart. Say nothing to her, that will be best; but you can tell her that I am here, and watching over her, and that I shall die or she will be free soon in her father's arms."

"I will tell her all that, my friend."

"And then," he added, breaking, by a feverish movement, a little steel chain round his neck, which held a small bag of black velvet, "take this amulet. It is all that is left to me of my mother," he said, with a sigh; "she hung it round my neck on the day of my birth. It is a sacred relic—a piece of the true cross, blessed by the Pope; give it to her, and let her guard it preciously, for it has preserved me from many perils. That is all I can do for her at this moment. Go, my friend, save her, as I am compelled to form silent vows for her deliverance. You love me, Marksman. I will only add one word—from the attempt you make at this moment my life or death will result. Farewell! farewell!"

Seizing the hunter's hand with a nervous movement, he pressed it forcibly several times, and, turning quickly away, not to let his tears be seen, he rushed into the forest, where he disappeared after making a last sign with his hand to his friend, who was watching his departure. After Don Miguel's departure, the Canadian stood for a moment a prey to extraordinary sorrow.

"Poor young man!" he muttered, with a profound sigh; "is that the state people are in when they love?"

In a moment he overcame the strange emotion which contracted his heart, and boldly raised his head.

"The die is cast!" he said. "Forward!"

Then, assuming the easy, careless step of an Indian, he proceeded slowly to the plain, while looking inquiringly around him.

In the brilliant beams of the sun, which had risen radiantly, the green plain the hunter was crossing assumed a really enchanting appearance. As on the first occasion when he came to this country all was in motion around him.

The Canadian, who, by the help of his new exterior, was able to examine at his leisure all that went on around him, curiously examined the animated scene he had before his eyes; but what most fixed his attention was a band of horsemen in their war costume, or rather, paint, armed with those long javelins and barbed spears which they wield with such dexterity, and whose wounds are so dangerous. Most of them also carried a strong rifle and a reata at their girdle, and, marching in good order, they advanced at a trot towards the city, seeming to come from the opposite direction to that which the hunter was following.

The numerous persons spread over the plain had stopped to examine them. Marksman, profiting by this circumstance, hurried on to mingle with the crowd, among whom, as he hoped, he was speedily lost, no one thinking of paying the slightest attention to him.

The horseman continued to advance at the same pace, not appearing to notice the curiosity they excited. They were soon about forty yards from the principal gateway. On arriving there they stopped.

At the same moment, three horsemen galloped out of the city, bounded over the drawbridge, and went to meet them. Three warriors then left the first party and approached them. After a few hastily exchanged words, the six horsemen rejoined the detachment, which had remained motionless in the rear, and entered the city with it.

Marksman, who followed the party closely, neared the gate at the very moment the last horseman disappeared in the city. The hunter understood that the moment for boldness had arrived. Assuming the most careless air he could put on, although his heart was ready to burst, he presented himself in his turn for admission.

He noticed Flying Eagle and his squaw standing some distance off, and conversing with an Indian who seemed to hold a certain rank. This doubled the bold Canadian's courage; he crossed the bridge, undauntedly, and arrived with apparent stoicism at the gateway. A lance was then levelled before him, and barred his passage. At a sign from Flying Eagle, the Indian with whom he had been speaking left him and proceeded toward the gate.

He was a tall warrior, to whom his iron-gray hair and the numerous wrinkles in his face imparted a certain character of gentleness, intelligence, and majesty. He said a word to the sentry, who was barring the hunter's passage; he raised his lance at once, and fell back a few paces with a respectful bow.

The old Indian made the Canadian a sign to enter.

"My brother is welcome in Quiepas Tani," he said gracefully, as he saluted the hunter; "my brother has friends here."

Marksman, owing to the life he had so long led on the prairies, spoke several Indian dialects with as much fluency as his mother-tongue. From the question the Redskin addressed to him, he felt that he was backed up; he therefore assumed the necessary coolness to play his part properly, and answered—

"Is my brother a chief?"

"I am a chief."

"Och! let my brother question me. Ometochtli will answer."

In thus changing his personality, as it were, the hunter had been careful to change his name also. After a long research, he at length selected that of Ometochtli, as best adapted to the person he wished to represent; for, despite its apparently formidable look, it simply means, "two rabbits," a most inoffensive name, and perfectly coinciding with the hunter's new character.

"I shall not question my brother," the Chief said, cautiously. "I know who he is, and whence he comes. My brother is one of the adepts of the great medicine, of the wise nation of the Yumas."

"The Chief is well informed," the hunter remarked. "I see that he has spoken with Flying Eagle."

"Has my brother left his nation for long?"

"It will be seven moons at the first leaves since I put on the mocassins of a hunter."

"Wah!" the Chief continued, with a certain appearance of respect; "where are the hunting grounds of my brother's nation situated?"

"Near the great shoreless lake."

"Does my brother intend to practice medicine at Quiepas Tani?"

"I have only come here for that purpose, and to worship the Wacondah in the magnificent temple which the piety of the Indians has raised to him in the holy city."

"Very good. My brother is a wise man; his nation is peaceful," he said, as he raised his head, and drew up his tall form, proudly. "I am a warrior, and my name is Atozac."

By a strange accident, the first Indian with whom Marksman conversed, was the same who received Addick, and whose wife was selected by the High Priest to serve as his interpreter with the maidens.

"My brother is a great Chief," he replied to the Indian's words.

The latter bowed with superb modesty on receiving this flattering remark.

"I am a son of the sacred tribe to whom the guardianship of the temple is confided," he said.

"May the Wacondah bless the race of my brother."

The Chief was completely under the charm; the hunter's compliments had intoxicated him.

"My brother, Two Rabbits, will follow me. We will join the friends who are awaiting us, and then proceed to my *calci*, which will be his during the whole period of his stay in Quiepas Tani."

Marksman bowed respectfully.

"I am not worthy to shake the dust off my mocassins on the threshold of his door."

"The Wacondah blesses those who practise hospitality, my brother. Two Rabbits is the guest of a chief; let him follow me, then."

"I will follow my brother, since such is his will."

And, without further resistance, he began walking behind the old Chief, charmed in his heart at having emerged so well from the first trial. As we said, Flying Eagle and Eglantine had stopped a few paces off, and they soon found them.

All four, without uttering a word, proceeded toward the house inhabited by the Chief, which was situated at the other extremity of the city. This long walk allowed the hunter to take a look at the streets which he crossed, and obtain a superficial acquaintance with Quiepas Tani.

They at length reached the Chief's house.

Heutotl—the Pigeon—Atozac's wife, seated cross-legged on a mat of maize straw, was making tortillas, probably intended for her husband's dinner. Not far from her were three or four female slaves, belonging to that bastard race of Indians to which we have already alluded, and to which the title of *sauvages* may be justly applied.

When the Chief and his guests entered the cabin, the Pigeon and her slaves raised their eyes in curiosity.

"Heutotl," the Chief said, with dignity, "I bring you strangers. The first is a great and renowned Comanche Sachem. You know him already, as well as his squaw."

"Flying Eagle and Eglantine are welcome in the *calci* of Atozac," she answered.

The Comanche bowed slightly; but did not utter a word.

"This one," the Chief continued, pointing to the hunter, "is a celebrated Tlacateotzin of the Yumas. His name is Two Rabbits; he will also dwell with us."

"The words I addressed to the Sachem of the Comanches I repeat for the great medicine man of the Yumas," she said, with a gentle smile; "the Pigeon is his slave."

"My mother will permit me to kiss her feet," the Canadian said, politely.

"My brother will kiss my face," the Chief's wife responded, holding up her cheek to Marksman, who respectfully touched it with his lips.

"My brothers will take a draught of pulque," the Pigeon continued; "the roads are long and dusty, and the sunbeams hot."

"Pulque refreshes the parched throat of travellers," Marksman answered.

The presentation was concluded.

The slaves drew up bulaccas, on which the travellers reclined. Vessels of red earth, greatly resembling the Spanish alcaforas, filled with pulque, were brought in, and the liquor, poured out by the mistress of the house, in horn cups, was presented by her to the strangers with that charming and attentive hospitality of which the Indians possess the secret. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Literally, the "Man-God," a name given by certain Comanche tribes to those who practise the healing art.

† Surname of Moctecuzoma I.,—"He who shoots arrows up to the sky." The hieroglyphic of this king is, in fact, an arrow striking heaven.

THE GREATEST PERIL OF LIBERTY.

"One of the greatest perils that beset free states," says Guizot, "is found in the aversion of the ablest and best citizens to bear office." The dictator's purple was thrown over the shoulders of Cincinnatus while he was following the plough. Washington, whose history suggested the remark of Guizot, did not leave private life till he was summoned by the voice of his country, and withdrew again to the shades of retirement, as soon as the sense of duty to his country left him at liberty to consult his inclinations; as Cincinnatus went back to till his little farm of four acres when he saw his country rescued from the perilous crisis which required his services.

The remarks of Guizot will be found supported by the history of all republics, and even of monarchies which are administered with any regard to law and popular rights. The very men in whose hands power is most safely trusted, are least disposed to seek it and to hold it; most averse to the humiliations and vexations which are generally necessary to get office and keep it, and most in love with the independence, the tranquillity, the free and full scope and sway of individuality which can only be had in private life. No man can govern others without parting with something of his own freedom. And this is the very last thing that men of a high moral and intellectual order are willing to part with. The power, the gains, or the notoriety of office, are to them a small compensation for the surrender of liberty.

☞ The Bath Times having expended a whole column in remonstrance against calling the new fort at the mouth of the Kennebec "Popham," the Rockland Gazette favors the name, but changes the orthography, thus, "Pop-em."

NEWS ITEMS.

REINFORCEMENTS have been sent to Gen. Burnside, which will increase his force to 40,000 troops.

GEN. BUTLER has left for Fortress Monroe, to proceed thence to Ship Island to take command of his expedition.

IN consequence of the death of President Lincoln's youngest son, William, the public buildings at Washington city were not illuminated on the 22nd.

WE have from the South a report that Gen. Johnston had offered to surrender Nashville on condition that the city be spared plunder or devastation.

AT noon of the 21st, Capt. Nathaniel Gordon, the slave trader, was hung, in the Toombs prison, at New York. On the previous evening he attempted to commit suicide by smoking segars saturated with strychnine.

FLOYD AND JOHNSTON AT NASHVILLE.—Richmond papers of the 19th, state that Floyd had arrived at Nashville, having "saved a thousand" of his command; and they also inform us that Johnston had fallen back upon Nashville, after his retreat from Bowling Green.

TELEGRAPHIC dispatches in the Richmond papers say that the majority of the people of Nashville seemed willing that the city should be surrendered to the Union troops, on condition that private property should be respected, but a large number of persons had left the city. The same papers also say that the United States vessels are gaining ground in their efforts to reach the main channel of the Savannah River, and that the attack on the city could not be much longer delayed.

ONE of the returned prisoners from Richmond state that the Union men of Richmond number 3,000, have a secret organization, with signs, passwords, &c.; that of the seventeen fortifications around Richmond, only one is armed, and the city could easily be taken; that the army of Manassas is falling back, from three to five regiments daily arriving there for home, in Tennessee, South Carolina, &c., and that only 30,000 would remain at Manassas. Other accounts from Richmond represent the rebels as being as fierce as ever, and determined to fight to the bitter end.

THE rebel steamer Catawba has run the southern blockade, and arrived at Nassau with a full cargo of cotton. She reports that two other steamers, loaded with cotton, ran the blockade at the same time.

THE names of the rebel officers captured at Warsaw, Mo., on Saturday, are incorrectly reported in some papers. They are Brigadier-General Price (son of the Major-General), Colonel Dorsey, Colonel Cross, and Captain Inge, all members of Major-General Price's staff.

COLUMBUS NOT EVACUATED—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—A Union scout, who was in Columbus on Tuesday night, reports that no preparations were being made by the rebels for the evacuation of that place. Fourteen steamers, with steam up, were at the wharf, and a salute was fired, indicating the arrival of a General, and reinforcements from the South.

THE Louisville Journal was misinformed with regard to the warrant issued by Judge Catron, for the arrest of Gen. Buckner for treason. He is under indictment, but it is not probable that the civil authorities will demand him from the military authorities.

COMMODORE PORTER.—We regret to hear that the injuries sustained by the above naval officer, on board the gunboat ESSEX, in the battle of Fort Henry, are a great deal more serious than at first reported. His condition, by the latest intelligence, is such that he is not expected to recover. In addition to the scalds he received, it appears his lungs were dangerously affected by the inhalation of hot steam at the time of the explosion of the boiler of the Essex. Com. Porter, is now on his way to this city, per boat.—*St. Louis Republican, Feb.* 17.

THE TREASURY NOTE BILL.—The "interest in coin" amendment was concurred in by the House, by an unexpected majority, and a long-drawn sense of relief was felt on the floor and in the galleries, largely filled by merchants, bankers, and their representatives.

UNION DEMONSTRATION.—A Union scout, who has been operating up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, reached here this morning, reports that one span of the Memphis and Charleston railroad bridge crossing the Tennessee river, at Decatur, Alabama, was destroyed by the Union men of that vicinity, on Saturday last. It was reported that the bridge at Bridgeport, some seventy miles above, was also disabled, but this is not confirmed.

LETTERS found in Gen. Price's head-quarters, reveal a strong Union sentiment prevailing in Arkansas.

OF the 400 prisoners recently exchanged by the rebels, a large portion were taken at Ball's Bluff. The Philadelphians are daily expected home again.

MR. FAULKNER ON THE REBELLION.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says:—It is reported to-night, upon the authority of a telegram from General Banks, that Mr. Faulkner has, within a day or two, made a speech at Martinsburg, in which he expressed the opinion that the rebellion was a failure, and advised his hearers to make the best terms possible for themselves with the United States.

CONCERNING the blockade of the Southern ports, an officer of our fleet writes that only three steamers have got out of Charleston in ninety days, and only two out of Savannah. In the rigid blockade of the French ports by Great Britain, during the last great European war, there was nothing that was as complete and effective as our present blockade is. Our blockade against vessels going in is equally effective, which is proved by the exorbitant prices for all foreign commodities throughout the Southern States.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The Constitutional Convention has adjourned. The Free State measure was defeated. Commissioners were, however, appointed, with powers to reassemble the Convention in case the new state was (not?) recognized by Congress. This provision is supposed to look to a free state.

A PROPOSITION made by Mr. Bartlett of Gallatin Co., in the Illinois Convention, to revise the Constitution, so as to expel negroes from the state, was voted down by 2 to 1.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have received orders from the War Department to put their road into working order. This is to be done at the expense of the Company, under condition that the Government shall protect the operatives. The work will be vigorously pushed, and can be completed in twenty days.

DURING a debate upon the Army Appropriation bill, Senator Trumbull stated that "only about twenty-eight thousand men, and not fifty thousand, as reported, comprised the force which captured Fort Donelson." The rebel force, we may add, was probably at least twenty thousand—and, intrenched as they were, ought to have been a match for sixty thousand.

☞ *Out of* debt every sixpence you get ahead is *your own!* you may look on it with unalloyed sensations of *right* to save or spend it, to turn it into any fashion or pleasure it is equal to. But in debt your money is not your own. It belongs to him to whom it is due—to him who patiently toiled for it—earned it.

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:—

SIR:—I cannot suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my official action. The glory of our recent victories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me.

Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed.

We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now, and by us, in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua—by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner:—"*I propose to move immediately on your works.*"

Yours, truly, EDWIN M. STANTON.

THE UNION FEELING IN TENNESSEE, &c.—Lieut. Phelps, commandur of the recent expedition up the Cumberland river, in his *official report*, says:

"I now come to the, to me, most interesting portion of this report, one which has already become lengthy; but I must trust you will find some excuse for this in the fact that it embraces a history of labors and movements, day and night, from the sixth to the tenth of the month, all of which details I deem it proper to give you. We have met with the most gratifying proofs of loyalty everywhere across Tennessee, and in the portions of Mississippi and Alabama we visited. Most affecting instances greeted us almost hourly. Men, women and children several times gathered in crowds of hundreds, shouted their welcome, and hailed their national flag with an enthusiasm there was no mistaking; it was genuine and heartfelt.—Those people braved everything to go to the river bank, where a sight of their flag might once more be enjoyed, and they have experienced, as they related, every possible form of persecution. Tears flowed freely down the cheeks of men as well as of women, and there were those who had fought under the Stars and Stripes at Moultrie who in this manner testified to their joy.

"This display of feeling and sense of gladness at our success, and the hopes it created in the breasts of so many people in the heart of the Confederacy, astonished us not a little, and I assure you, sir, I would not have failed to witness it for any consideration. I trust it has given us all a higher sense of the sacred character of our present duties. I was assured at Savannah that of the several hundred troops there, more than one-half, had we gone to the attack in time, would have hailed us as deliverers, and gladly enlisted with the national force.

"In Tennessee, the people generally, in their enthusiasm, braved secessionists, and spoke their views freely, but in Mississippi and Alabama, what was said was guarded.—'*If we dared express ourselves freely, you would hear such a shout greeting your coming as you never heard.*' 'We know there are many Unionists among us, but a reign of terror makes us afraid of our shadows.' We were told, too, 'Bring us a small, organized force, with arms and ammunition for us, and we can maintain our position, and put down rebellion in our midst.'

"There were, it is true, whole communities, who, on our approach, fled to the woods, but these were where there was less of the loyal element, and where the fleeing steamers in advance had spread tales of our coming with firebrands burning, destroying, ravishing and plundering."

THE COMMISSION TO THE SOUTH—GENERAL EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—The Hon. Hamilton Fish and the Rev. Bishop Ames have returned to Washington, and, it is stated, have made a report to the Government respecting their mission to relieve Union prisoners in the South. They repaired to Fortress Monroe, and made known their commission to the Confederate authorities at Norfolk, by whom the matter was referred to Richmond. A reply came refusing to the Commissioners admission to the Confederate territory, but expressing readiness to negotiate for a general exchange of prisoners. Our Commissioners opened negotiations, which resulted in perfect success. An equal exchange was agreed on, but the Confederates had three hundred more prisoners than our Government; but, with commendable magnanimity, they proposed to release those also on parole, if our Government would agree to release three hundred of their men that might hereafter fall into our hands. This noble commission of Secretary Stanton, therefore has its ample reward. A general "jail delivery" of our soldiers will occur throughout the South, and they will soon be rejoicing in liberty regained. Since the close of this negotiation, with their offer to give liberty to their surplus three hundred Union soldiers, the Confederates have had a reverse, and lost thousands of prisoners at Roanoke Island and Fort Donelson. The question is, shall we be like magnanimous, and give up on parole the large surplus we now have?—*Washington Intelligencer, 18th.*

FRENCH OFFICIALS AND THE AMERICAN WAR.—Thurlow Weed, Esq., writing from Paris, under date of Jan. 27, says:—

Our Minister, Mr. Dayton, had a satisfactory interview with M. Thouvenel on Friday. I had audiences with distinguished personages on Friday and Saturday. I may say with propriety, and in justice to eminent statesmen, that M. Thouvenel, Count de Morny, and the Prince Napoleon entertain just and enlightened views, and right feelings towards our Government. The Prince Napoleon, who was so recently with us, and saw and heard with his own eyes and ears, looks upon the rebellion as causeless and wicked. And the Emperor, though really pressed by the sufferings of the manufacturing and laboring classes, and urged by less legitimate influences to declare against the blockade, has been alike true to the laws of nations and to our Government.

MERITORIOUS PROMOTIONS.—The nominations of General Grant to be a Major-General, and of Colonel Garland, who defeated Zollicoffer, to be a Brigadier, sent to the Senate to-day by the President, are an index of his determination to reward good conduct and bravery in the field, wherever it may be found. Secretary Stanton is a strenuous advocate of this system, and lists are now being prepared from the official reports down to the humblest private, so that the nation may do them honor.

☞ As the fool thinks, so the bell clinks.

PRISONERS AT FORT DONELSON.

The actual number of prisoners taken was 13,300, and among them Gen. West, who has not been previously mentioned. These are being sent North. Gen. Sidney Johnston was not taken; it was Bushrod Johnston.

Gen. Halleck has received despatches from Fort Donelson stating that one thousand more rebel prisoners have been taken. They came down the river to reinforce the fort not knowing that it had surrendered, and were bagged by our troops. It caused a great deal of amusement in our camp.

Two large gunboats, loaded with munitions of war, were captured at Rolling Mill, just below Clarksville.

Everything was being moved to Nashville as fast as possible, where the next rebel stand would be made.

Everything at Fort Donelson was progressing satisfactorily. Our army are encamped in the captured works, living comfortably in the log huts and tents of the rebels.

The soldiers are very enthusiastic and anxious to march against Nashville. With the exception of severe colds, consequent upon the recent exposure, the army was well.

THE UNION GUNBOATS AT FLORENCE, ALA.—No detailed account of the reception of the Union gunboats at Florence, Ala., having appeared, we append the following from a correspondent:

The flotilla proceeded up the river, entering the State of Alabama, and ascending to Florence, at the foot of the Muscle Shoals.—On coming in sight of the town of Florence, three steamers were discovered by our men, but they were immediately set on fire by the rebels. Some shots were fired from the opposite side of the river below. A force was landed, and considerable quantities of supplies marked "Fort Henry" were secured from the burning wrecks. Some had been landed and stored. Our flotilla took possession of as much of these stores as they could bring away, and destroyed the remainder. A large quantity of iron plating, evidently intended for the *Eastport*, was found here also.

A deputation of the citizens of Florence waited upon Captain Phelps, desiring that they might be made able to quiet the fears of their wives and daughters with assurance that they would not be molested; also, praying that the Captain would not destroy the railroad bridge. As for the first proposition, the anxious fathers and husbands were assured that the Federals were neither ruffians nor savages, and that they were on an errand of protection to loyalty and enforcement of law. As to the second proposition, Captain Phelps said that if the bridge were away, he could ascend no higher, and that it could possess, so far as he saw, no military importance, as it simply connected Florence with the railroad on the south bank of the river.

Our brave command had seized three rebel steamboats, one of them a half finished gunboat, and had forced the rebels to burn six others loaded with supplies. This was a heavy blow to the enemy.

A gentleman of this city, lately returned from St. Louis, conversed there with a number of persons who had formed part of the gunboat expedition down the Tennessee river to Florence, Alabama. They stated that the enthusiasm of the people of that place, on the arrival of the Federal vessels, is not by any means realized by the reports hitherto given. Many danced for joy. Chickens, eggs, tobacco, and provisions of all kinds were brought in abundance, and freely offered, and the gunboats were crowded with men anxious to enter the Federal service, of whom as many were received as could be made available.

FROM BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION.—The steamer Eastern State arrived at Old Point on the 20th, having left Hatteras at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and encountered rough weather all the way. She brings the bodies of Col. Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut; Capt. Henry A. Hubbard, Twenty-ninth Massachusetts; Capt. Henry, of the Ninth New Jersey; and Lieut. Stillman, Company A, Tenth Connecticut, in charge of Major Kimball, Col. Betts, Sergeants Douglas and Thompson, and Capt. Jackson and the brother of Col. Russell. The bodies have all arrived here by the boat, and go North.

All the captured officers were on board the steamer Spaulding, but the rebel prisoners are still on Roanoke Island.

Gen. Burnside is negotiating with the rebel authorities at Norfolk for their release.

No farther advance has been made, nor was any immediately expected. The gunboats had retreated from Elizabeth City. All the fleet were at anchor off Roanoke.

An immense amount of trophies have been captured, including a splendid state flag worked by the ladies. Also a vast amount of quaint, antiquated arms, old swords, sabres, flint-lock muskets, shot guns and pistols, rusty with age.

The French admiral and his staff came down from Norfolk on the 19th.

RESOLUTION OFFERED TO EXPEL SENATOR POWELL.—In the Senate, on the 20th, Mr. Wilkinson (Minn.) offered the following resolution:

Whereas, Lazarus W. Powell, after certain states had severed themselves, on the 20th of June, attended a large Southern Rights Convention, and was President thereof, at which resolutions were passed approving of the neutrality of Kentucky, and denouncing the war; and also attended another Convention on the 10th of September, when more resolutions were passed of the same import; and the said Powell has given all the aid and comfort he could to the enemy from the position he occupied; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the said Lazarus W. Powell be expelled from the Senate.

The resolution was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE REBELLION.—Advices from Fort Craig, New Mexico, have been received in Washington, which state that two families, Wardsworth and Aikes, original settlers in the Sonvita valley, Arizona, have just come in from that Territory. These parties state that the Apache Indians have completely overrun Arizona, and either killed or caused to flee every white person in the territory west of the Rio Grande. These two families are all that have escaped from the interior. They state that many victims of the merciless Apaches were lying at different points in the territory and by the roadside, and upon the bodies of which the wolves were feasting. Tucson, the principal town, was destroyed. The few inhabitants caught there had been killed, and everything perishable by fire fell a prey to the flames.

TENACITY OF LIFE.—A Columbus (O.) correspondent of the Journal and Messenger writes that there is now in the State Lunatic Asylum in Columbus, a man who has been there seven years, and imagines himself the Son of God. He has lately lasted for twenty-one days, and at the end seemed not the worse for it, only a little more excitable. This statement is confirmed by nurses and doctors. He resisted any temptation presented to him to eat and drink till the expiration of the 21 days.

OUR RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.—The President sent in recently to the Senate a message on the subject of Mexican affairs. The recent advices from our Minister, Mr. Corwin, represent that Mexico is on the eve of being bound hand and foot, and handed over to the tender mercies of the lions and eagles of Europe. Mr. Corwin urges immediate action on our part to prevent the establishment of English and French domination on our continent, which, once firmly planted, can never be eradicated. He feels the importance of succor to our sister republic, and hopes that the world will be shown that, notwithstanding our domestic difficulties, so little are our energies paralyzed or our resources effected, that we can give generous aid to poor Mexico, and in return receive commercial and social advantages which will far more than repay us for the outlay. Mexico is willing to allow us, in a friendly spirit, what England, France and Spain desire to wrest by force; but, at the same time, she needs monetary aid to extricate herself from her present troubles. President Lincoln appreciates the necessity of instant action, and desires the advice of the Senate on the subject.

NOT BAD.—Senator Hale recently read in the Senate an advertisement from the N. Y. Herald as follows:

"*Personal.*—A good-looking, affable young man, who has just completed a large Government contract, wishes to form the acquaintance of a young lady who is desirous of sharing the proceeds."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has ruled quiet, but steady and firm. The sales of Flour reach some 11,000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots for export, at $5,25@5,37½ for common and good superfine; $5,50@5,75 for extra, the latter for Lancaster county, $5,75 for extra family, mostly at about $5,87½ for Penna; $6,12½@6,50 for fancy Ohio do, including about 1500 bbls City Mills and choice Western extra and extra family, on terms kept private; the bulk of the sales were of extra and extra family. The sales to the trade have been to a limited extent only, within the same range of prices for superfine, extras and extra family, and at $6,75@7 ₱ bbl for premium brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is dull, with sales of 300 bbls to note at $3,25 ₱ bbl.—Corn Meal is but little inquired for; Penna is offered at $3, and Brandywine at $3,12½ ₱ bbl, without sales.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, with sales of about 50,000 bus to note at $1,32@1,36 for Reds, in store, mostly at $1,35 for prime Penna, at which rate the closing sales were made; at $1,36@1,37 for Southern do, the latter afloat; and $1,40@1,45 for fair to good and prime White, which is not so much inquired for. Rye is in steady request, and all the Penna offered found ready sales at 78c. Corn continues dull and neglected; the receipts are light, but only about 35,000 bus Yellow found buyers at 55@56c, in the cars and in store, and 53½@57c afloat, according to condition. Oats are unchanged, and some 33,000 bus have been taken at 38@39c for Penna, the latter by weight. Barley is firm, with further sales of Penna at 70@75c, and prime New York at 85c. Of Mill Feed the sales are limited, and the market dull at $15@17 for Ship Stuffs, and $19@21 ₱ ton for Middlings.

PROVISIONS—There is a better feeling in the market, and the prices of the hog product generally have advanced considerable. Some 3000 bbls Pork have been sold, in lots, at $12¾@13,25 for mess, now held higher, including old do at $11@11¾; a lot of prime mess at $13, and rump at $8¾. Dressed Hogs are selling at $4¾@5 the 100 lbs. Beef is firm, and mess is quoted at $12@16 ₱ bbl, with small sales. Bacon moves off more freely at 7@8c for Hams, 4@5¼c for Shoulders, and 5½@6c for Sides. Green meats are also more active, with large sales, including 3000 pieces, in bulk, at 3½@4c for Shoulders, and 4½@5¼c for Sides, in salt. Hams are wanted at 5@6c, in salt and pickle, and but few offering. Of Lard about 1800 pkgs sold at 7@8¼c for bbls and tcs, and 7¾@8¾c for kegs, as in quality. Butter is unchanged, roll selling at 13@14c, and packed at 8@9c ₱ lb. Cheese is steady at 6½@7¼c, and Eggs 15c ₱ doz, and the sales moderate.

COTTON—The market continues almost at a stand still; prices are unsettled and 2@3c ₱ lb lower. Sales include a few small lots only at from 25 to 31c cash, the latter for good middling Orleans.

ASHES are firm, with light sales of both kinds at quotations.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron arriving, and further sales are reported at fully former rates, mostly at $33¼ for 1st No 1, at which rate it is scarce and wanted.

COAL—There are some few orders coming in, mostly from the east, but the market generally is quiet, and prices without any quotable change.

COFFEE—The arrivals are light and holders firm, but the demand continues very small, and the sales limited to some 500 bags at 18½@21c for Rio, and 22@22½c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER—There is very little doing in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and no alteration to note in price or demand.

FEATHERS continue dull, good western selling slowly at 36@40c, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—Sales are moderate at $3½@3¾ for Green Apples, and $9@12 ₱ bbl for Cranberries, as in quality. Dried Apples move off as wanted at 6@7c, and unpared Peaches at 8@10c ₱ lb. The demand is fair.

HAY is selling at 70@80c the 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HEMP—The market is quiet and prices about the same, the stock being nearly all out of first hands.

HOPS are dull, and a small business only to note at 18@23c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON is quiet, a few small lots of Anthracite at very full prices and 2000 tons Gray forge sold, to go West, at $22, cash. In Scotch Pig the sales are limited. Manufactured Iron is more active, and prices looking up, with a good demand for most kinds, especially Bars, which bring full prices.

LEAD is dull and unsettled, with but little doing in the way of sales, with no stock here in first hands.

LUMBER continues quiet; the stock is light for the season and the demand fair at fully former rates.

MOLASSES is very inactive, and a few small lots, mostly Cuba, have found buyers at about previous rates.

PLASTER—The demand is good, but there is none arriving or selling, and prices are nominally unchanged.

RICE is extremely quiet at 7@7¼c ₱ lb for Carolina.

SEEDS—There has been a steady demand for Cloverseed, with further sales of 3000 bus, mostly at $4@5,25 ₱ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is inquired for, and selling in lots, on arrival at $1,87½@2 ₱ bus; there is very little offering. Flaxseed is worth $2,10@2,15, and the receipts and sales light.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in Brandy or Gin, and a firm market for both. N. E. Rum is steady at 31@33c. Whiskey has rapidly advanced, and large sales of bbls are reported at 25@26c, mostly at the latter rate, and Drudge at 23@24c, closing however unsettled and lower, at 25@26c for the former.

SUGARS are held with rather more firmness, but the demand has been limited, and the market very quiet at previous quotations, a few small lots of Cuba only having been disposed of at 6¼@8¼c, on time.

TALLOW continues dull and neglected. City is quoted at 9@9½c, and country at 8¼c ₱ lb, and very little selling.

TOBACCO—There is little or no stock here to operate in, and the market generally is almost at a stand still.

WOOL—The market is quiet and without any material variation to notice, the inquiry being mostly for fine Fleece, of which some sales are reported at 50@55c. Some small sales of pulled have also been made at 45c, and 200,000 lbs foreign on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1584 head. Prices varying from 6 to 8c ₱ lb. 85 Cows were sold at from $20 to 50 ₱ head. 5500 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,50 to 5,25 nett. 1265 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt, nett.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

S. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

COMPLIMENTARY LETTER TO GENERAL LANDER.—WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1862.—*To Brigadier-General F. W. Lander*:—The President directs me to say that he has observed with pleasure the activity and enterprise manifested by yourself and the officers and the soldiers of your command. You have shown how much may be done in the worst weather and worst roads by a spirited officer at the head of a small force of brave men, unwilling to waste life in camp when the enemies of their country are within reach.

Your brilliant success is a happy presage of what may be expected when the army of the Potomac shall be led to the field by their gallant General. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

ENGLAND AND THE STONE BLOCKADE.—The English press is filled with "unutterable horror" at the unheard-of enormity of the "Republican Government" in obstructing the harbor of Charleston. What will they say of this example in the conduct of Great Britain, not as an act of war, but as a condition of peace:—"With regard to France one condition of the treaty (of Utrecht, 1713) was still worse. Jealous of the growth of the French navy, England extorted the covenant, that the port of Dunkirk should be not merely abandoned, but filled up. A treaty of peace contained a stipulation for the ruin of a harbor!"—*Bancroft's His. U. S., vol. 3, p. 230.*

A LIBERAL DONATION.

☞ We understand that PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, proprietors of the Pain Killer, gave each member of all of the Rhode Island Regiments a bottle of Pain Killer, which the soldiers found very useful on the march, as well as in camp. Men dislike to go to the surgeon with every little illness, and they find a resort to the Pain Killer much more convenient, and it seldom fails to do them good service.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Lieut. SEWELL H. BROWN, of the U. S. cavalry, to ADDIE, daughter of Joseph Parker Norris, of this city.

On the 16th of Feb., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. DAVID W. FARRAN, to Miss ELIZABETH M. LOCKHART, both of this city.

On the 30th of Dec. by the Rev. E. T. Kenney, GEORGE L. WILLARD, to Miss EMMA BROWN, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. John W. Jackson, Mr. STEPHEN F. ABBOTT, to Miss SARAH R. MANSFIELD, daughter of C. F. Mansfield, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by his Honor, Mayor Henry, ALBIS W. WILSON, of Chester county, to MARY E. MECONNAHEY, of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles A. Smith, Mr. COLLIN R. WOODWARD, to Miss MARY L. CRAIG, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. ADAM TURNBULL, to Miss JENNIE A. PENNINGTON, daughter of Thos. Pennington, both of Newcastle county, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th ultimo, JOSEPH LOCK, in his 41st year.

On the 17th ultimo, Mrs. GEORGIANA FRASER, widow of the late John Fraser, aged 64 years.

On the 16th ultimo, WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL, in his 29th year.

On the 17th ultimo, J. B. W. HAMILTON, in his 55th year.

On the 18th ultimo, ROBERT HENDERSON, in his 39th year.

On the 18th ultimo, THOMAS, son of the late Bernard and Margaret Anderson, in his 20th year.

On the 16th ultimo, ANNA MARIA, wife of Geo. J. Williams, in her 33d year.

On the morning of the 17th ultimo, JOHN R. WINSLOW, aged 23 years.

On the 14th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH BUCHANAN, wife of Edward Buchanan, aged 38 years.

On the 16th ultimo, Mr. SAMUEL POULSON, in his 53d year.

On the 15th ultimo, JANE, wife of Alfred Read, in her 39th year.

On the 14th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA RILEY, in her 71st year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 22, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2½ to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	NovaScotia	15 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 50 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2½ to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1862!

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The *nineteenth* volume of the HOME MAGAZINE begins with the number for January, 1862. In all respects, the work will continue to maintain the high ground assumed from the beginning. Our purpose has been to give a Magazine that would unite the attractions of *choice and elegant literature with high moral aims*, and teach useful lessons to men, women and children in all degrees of life; a Magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to his sisters, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good.

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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM JING-JING:

on,

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

BY McARONE.

"Skacely!" said Glorianna.

In truth, she heard steps on the stairway without, and recognized them. The door immediately opened, and the Lieutenant of Light Quadroons entered.

"Pshaw!" cried Peter, "what did you want to come just at this moment for? Leave here!"

"I'll see you blowed first, and then I won't!" remarked the lieutenant.

He quietly produced a police badge, and fastened it to his coat.

"Do you see *that?*" said he; "now come along. I want you."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Peter, "it's all up! I see. Somebody's been and squealed."

He followed the lieutenant peacefully, and was locked up in a station house to await Don Rantanquero's orders. The lieutenant then followed the army to Charleston.

There he met the Don, who had just hit on a plan for reducing the city. He issued an order commanding the use of fluid and camphene lamps exclusively. The result was that there were three fires the first week; eight the second, and the third half the town was in flames.

"I may be mistaken," observed the Don, "but if that doesn't warm 'em up, I'm a teapot!"

The Charlestonians found it very inconvenient to do business with six or eight roofs falling and four or five magazine explosions going on in every street. It unsettled the usual course of things a good deal. Meanwhile, the Federal army lay encamped about the suburbs, and enjoyed the time tolerably. They amused themselves with euchre, billiards, smoking, and revivals. Every day it became evident that the people in the town were getting ready to lay down their arms and give up their hands—their field hands—and undergo the oath of allegiance, or some other dreadful punishment.

At length the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, and the Common Council of the city appealed to Don Rantanquero to let up on his camphene proclamation. They offered him four shillings and treats, if he would put out the fire and receive South Carolina into the Union again.

Which he did.

When things got somewhat settled, he established his quarters in the city and hanged the inhabitants. This had a very salutary effect upon them, and also upon others, as was shown the next day, when General Beauregard came, voluntarily, to surrender himself.

"My soldiers," said he, "say that they will abandon the rebel cause and go home, unless you promise not to attack them. Will you?"

"Don't be foolish, General," said the Don; "even now we are forging cannon, powder, and equipments for a continuance of the war!"

"Well, then," said Beauregard, "all I have to say is, that I think you're real mean! However, I wash my hands of the whole affair.—I'll go and tell my army to disband."

"Much obliged, General. Come and take tea with us?"

"Thank you, I will. I always was a Union man, at heart, and something of an Abolitionist. Day-day."

He took the oath of allegiance, and left.

After that, surrenders poured in from all parts of the South. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, sent on his sword by a nigger who was travelling that way for pleasure. The Rev. General Polk was going to give himself up, but met with an accident, being shot dead by a soldier whose socks he had stolen. In short, so many surrenders were made, that the Don was forced to open depots in every town, where officers could hand in their swords at any time.

These weapons were sold at auction afterward, and bought by Stuart, the manager, for theatrical properties. They brought over eight hundred dollars, but the lieutenant somehow got hold of the money, through some informality in the sale, and nothing further was known about it.

It was remarked, however, that the lieutenant wore very good clothes, at about that time.

All that now remained to be done, was to invite the neighbors together to assist at a raising—a good old country custom, which Don Rantanquero was willing to observe.—They razed all the towns where Secession still lingered, and then raised the Stars and Stripes over every building that remained in Dixie.

Sated with victory and flushed with triumph, the Don returned to Washington as his permanent residence.

His journey was one continuous ovation. At every village and depot the people gathered by millions to welcome him, and he delivered everywhere this neat and appropriate speech:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I have no time to say much, nor do I suppose you want me to. You have come here to see me, and I have come to see you; and you will pardon me if I say that I think I have a little the best of it. [Laughter.] With the aid of Providence and the popular will, I hope to fix things all right. Start the train, Conductor."

Arriving in Washington, this great and good man made preparations for bringing Peter to a sublime retribution. He bound the unhappy wretch securely in a chair, and appointed fifty men to take turns at reading back numbers of the Charleston Mercury aloud to him.

"Spare me!" cried the miserable victim; "make me your slave, your drudge—kill me at once—hang me—burn me—nay, scrape me to death with oyster-shells, and mighty poor oyster-shells at that, but don't, oh, *don't* read Barnwell Rhett on Southern Rights to me!"

His cries were heart-rending, but the Don was implacable. The reading began, and cold drops burst forth from the sufferer's brow.

"This is indeed agony," moaned he.

For six hours that room was a scene of suffering. The low, monotonous voices of the readers, and the despairing groans of the tortured man alone broke the silence. At the end of that time, he fainted, and the Don was called.

He entered the inquisition chamber, with President Lincoln, and was told by a reader that Peter was dead.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" said the Don.

"*Nino nishaahance nacknocoasee!*" said Abraham.

This is the language of the Springfield (Ill.) tribe of Indians. If we knew what it meant, we would translate it.

The Don's young friend, of the medical persuasion, was called, and on examination, found that Peter had only swooned. An application of the new and improved stomach-pump immediately brought him up again, and at the intercession of Glorianna, further torture was spared him.

"She's so tender-hearted!" said the Don; "dear child, she wouldn't harm a flea."

Peter reformed at once, and got a pretty good place in a tract concern, along with two gentlemen who had lately escaped from State Prison.

Thus ended the Rebellion, and thus ends our story. Don Rantanquero fell naturally and honorably into a life of peaceful ease. He and his lovely wife board at Willard's in the winter, and in summer the Don goes shrimp-shooting on the Jersey coast, while Glorianna accompanies Mrs. Lincoln to Long Branch. He loves life, and has no children, but delights in fighting his battles o'er again in the bar-rooms of Washington, where he is known and loved under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Old Beeswax." Maybe you've heard of him.

The young lieutenant is living in the country.

Although the minor details of this history may not be literally true in all particulars, it is still founded on facts, and the writer can bring the best of city references to prove his veracity and temperance. He is a poor, simple-minded, but honest cuss, who desires only a clear conscience and plenty to drink. If any captious persons undertake to deny these statements, he is ready and willing to fight them for the beer.

[THE END.]

—*Vanity Fair.*

TROUBLES OF AN ARTIST.

A Vermont artist gives an account of his experience in taking photographs. One day a green genius walked into his saloon and examined a picture, asking at the same time:

"What's that a pictur on?"

"The sun," replied the photographer; "I took a view of its surface some time since, and it is said to be very accurate."

"I reckon it is. Now," said he, "the sun, if I recollect right, is several millions of miles away from here—ain't it?"

"Yes," said the photographer.

"Wal, you are just the man I want; give me a good pictur of my brother Sim, while I wait for it."

"Certainly," said the artist; "bring him along."

"I can't," was the reply.

"Why, where is he?" asked the daguerrean.

"Well, he's in Boston to-day."

"How can I get his picture at Boston?"

"Well, look here," said the rustic; "you must be an impostor, you must! You kin take a likeness of the sun, millions of miles away, and yet can't give me a pictur of brother Sim, who is only two hundred miles off. Yeou git eout!"

The countryman walked off disgusted, and left the photographer in no very pleasant mood for the next visitor.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—My friend "the General," loves a good "yarn;" and, in the course of a life long enough to silver his once raven locks, has collected a goodly store. One of his "experiences" runneth in this wise:—

His friend Burge was sick, and sent for Dr. S——s. The doctor came.

"Well, Burge, what's the trouble?"

"Oh! it's all over with me, doctor—I'm dying! I'm past help," replied Burge.

The doctor gathered up his pill-bags, and with an emphatic "humph!" left the room.

Returning home he told several neighbors that Burge was dead; they hastened to his residence to offer their aid and sympathy, but they were surprised to find Burge alive—and when told of what Dr. S——s had said—immensely disposed to do some tall kicking.

The doctor, when questioned about the matter, said that he had never known Burge to jest, smile, or tell a falsehood; he had said he was dying, and the doctor believed it, although he could discover no symptoms of dissolution.

So much for being veracious.

☞ An old negro taken on board one of the vessels at Port Royal, the other day was overheard praying vigorously that "de Lord would bress these d—d Yankees." Poor Sambo had never heard his friends designated by any other title, and unconsciously used it even in his prayer.

☞ Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak panegorical of a person, than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him, for no good comes to nobody that never speaks no good of no one."

☞ A lady was dreadfully affronted the other day, because a gentleman accosted her as an *old* friend.

SMITH'S INTRODUCTION TO THE FAIR MATILDA.

KIND UNCLE.—"Matilda, my dear, allow me to introduce you to my accomplished friend, Mr. Smith."

Smith means to make a very low and impressive bow, but rather overdoes it.

A DOWN EAST JURYMAN.

["Ethan Spike" contributes to the Portland Transcript a sketch of his experience as a juryman. The first cases he was called on to try were capital ones—the criminals being a German and a "nigger" respectively.]

"Hev you formed any opinion for or agin the prisoners?" said the Judge.

"Not particular agin the Jarmin," says I, "but I hate niggers as a general principle, and shall go for hanging this old white wooled cuss, whether he killed Mr. Cooper or not," says I.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" the clerk axed me.

"I orter," says I. "I've used enough of 'em. I begun to swear when I was only about—"

"That'll do," says a clerk. "You kin go hum," says he, "you won't be wanted in this ere case," says the clerk, says he.

"What!" says I, "ain't I to try this nigger at all?"

"No," says the clerk.

"But I'm a jewryman," says I, "and you can't hang the nigger onless I sot on him," says I.

"Pass on," says the clerk, speaking rather cross.

"But," says I, "you mister, you don't mean as you say; I'm a regular jewryman, you know. Drawed eout of the box by the seelick man," says I. "I've ollers had a hankering to hang a nigger, and now, when a merciful dispensatory seems to have provided one for me, you say I shan't sit on him! Ar this your free institutions? Is this the nineteenth centry? And is this our boasted—"

Here somebody hollered "Silence in Court."

"The Court be d—!" I didn't finish the remark fore a couple of constables had holt of me, and in the twinkling of a bed post I was hustled down stairs into the street.

"Naow, Mr. Editor, let me ask, what are we comin to, when jewrymen—legal, lawful jewrymen, kin be tossed about in this way? Talk about cancers, Mormons, spiritualism, free love and panics—what are they in comparison? Here's a principle upset. As an individual, perhaps, I'm of no great account; t'ant fur me to say; but when as an enlight ened jewryman, I was tuk and carried down stairs by profane hands just for assertin my right to sit on a nigger—wy it seems to me the pillows of society were shook; that in my sacred person the hull state itself was, figgeratively speakin', kicked daown stairs! If that's law in the land I'll have this case brought under a writ of habeus corpus or icksey bickait."

☞ The following is the prison bill of fare which was regularly served to the Union prisoners just returned from Richmond:—Breakfast—Five ounces of bread, three ounces of meat; no coffee or tea. No dinner. Supper—Half a pint of soup, and four ounces of bread. The prisoners speak in bitter terms of the treatment our wounded received at Richmond, and say they were sent to prison quarters long before their wounds were healed.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

TENANTS.—A tenant usually grows rich on a farm, for the reason that he usually goes upon it with a view of laying up enough money to pay for a farm of his own elsewhere. He carries from the hired farm in his breeches pocket all the *scrapeable* value he can; it has been made poor to make him rich—in other words, he has transferred the fertility of the one to the fields of the other by a sort of electrotyping process, whose transmutation in soils are in such hands as sure as they are by the labors of chemistry in metals.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

A HINT TO SORGHUM MANUFACTURERS.—Talking with an experienced sugar refiner the other day, he said it was a great mistake that the entire process of evaporation could be successfully prosecuted at a single operation. The process of defecation is not done by the refiner, by *boiling* the juice or syrup. It is *heated slowly, but is not allowed to boil* until it is purified. A single vessel or evaporator, for the manufacture of good refined syrup, will not answer. It must be *clarified* before it is *boiled.*—*Rural New Yorker.*

EXCHANGE OF SEEDS.—It is a good rule in agriculture, to effect a change of seeds as often as once in every two or three years. Why it is that the seeds of most of our field crops or grains do better when cultivated on lands at a slight remove from those on which they were matured, is a question which science has as yet been unable satisfactorily to solve; but such is the undeniable fact, and indeed is so obvious, and so clearly corroborated by all experience, as no longer to admit of doubt. The winter and early spring are favorable seasons for exchanging, as well as for procuring new and improved varieties of seeds, plants, and scions.—*New England Farmer.*

TOMATO PLANTS IN FRAMES.—It frequently happens that tomato plants in frames grow so tall before the season arrives for setting them out, that they touch the sash, and I have frequently seen the sash propped up to afford them more room. A much better course to pursue is to cut off the tops of the plants. This causes the plant to throw out lateral branches, and instead of a tall, lank, top-heavy plant, you have a strong, stocky one, that will thrive when set out.

CLIMBING VINES.—A neat method of supporting climbers is to take a strip of two-inch plank, two inches wide, planed the full length of the board, and painted green, which set firmly in the ground. Next, obtain from a wooden ware or toy store, two children's hoops, one the largest, and the other the smallest you can find. Now suspend the small one as near the top of the pole as possible, by strings, and fasten the large one close to the ground. Plant your seeds around the outside of the large hoop, and when up, run strings of soft twine regularly from the top to the bottom hoop. It will look better to have the hoops painted green, and the twine should be dark, and not cotton twine.

PHLOXES.—It is strange that this beautiful class of herbaceous perennials is not more generally cultivated. More attention is paid to the growth of them than formerly, it is true; but still there are very few gardens which boast of more than the two old varieties of white and pink phloxes, known by most persons only as the "French Willow." These persons may be surprised to know that there are several hundred distinct varieties now cultivated. Elwanger & Barry, in their catalogue for the present year, have one hundred and fifty-five named phloxes. The period of flowering has been gradually extending, until it reaches from July 1st to the time of severe frosts. There are also several sorts of creeping phloxes, blooming in May or June, and which propagate themselves by runners.

The phlox, in all its varieties, is perfectly hardy, and requires no care whatever, except that the plants should be divided (either in the fall or spring,) every three or four years.

The Phlox Drummondii is one of the most beautiful annuals, (we are almost tempted to say the most beautiful,) with which we are acquainted. Grown in a mass in a border by themselves, nothing can exceed them; as they embrace every variety of tint, and are in bloom for a period of at least three months.

ASHES FOR POTATOES.—Rufus Brown, of Chelsea, Orange county, Vermont, says that in an experiment tried by him, the gain in the crop of potatoes by the use of ashes at the rate of a teacupful to the hill, was about a bushel and a-half of potatoes for each bushel of ashes used. The kind of potatoes was the "English Pink-eye," and yield 200 bushes per acre. The ground was planted May 7th, with the ashes in holes, and a little dirt over them. It was ploughed and hoed June 18th, the rows being four feet apart, and the hills three feet. The ashes cost 12½ cents a bushel, and potatoes sold at 35 cents, returning full 50 cents a bushel for the ashes employed.

PEAS WITH POTATOES.—A letter in the Agricultural Gazette, an English paper, states that a single pea inserted into each piece of potato that is planted, will produce a large crop of peas, and tend to check disease in the potato. It is a practice with some to plant peas with potatoes, here. The potato stems answer a good purpose for the pea vines to run upon.

SOWING PEAS.—S. R. Elliot, of Cleveland, writing to the American Farmers' Magazine, says:—"Some years since, I commenced sowing peas, and covering them at different depths, varying from one inch to one foot. I found those buried eight inches deep appeared above the ground only one day later than those buried only two inches; while those that were covered twelve inches deep were a little over two days behind. As they grew, no perceptible difference was noticed, until they commenced blossoming and setting, then the advantage of the deep planting exhibited itself; for those that were eight and ten inches deep continued to grow, blossom, and set pods long after those only two to four inches commenced ripening and decaying. If the soil is light and loamy, I will hereafter plant my peas eight to ten inches deep; if the soil is clayey, I would plant six inches. I never earth up, but leave the ground as level as possible."

The Michigan Farmer says "peas may be planted on any good, dry soil, at the earliest moment after the surface is thawed out enough to give earth sufficient to make the furrow in which to sow them. The varieties which we would recommend to sow first would be the *Early Kent, Dwarf Blue Imperial* and the large *White Marrowfat.* These three varieties, if all sown on the same day, will give a complete succession of this desirable vegetable."

TARON POTATOES.—A. B. Dickinson stated, at a meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, that the practice with the potato was to select out the heaviest, as the best to withstand the blight. He tested his potatoes by putting them in very strong brine. Those that were the heaviest were the best to grow. He cut his potatoes into pieces of two eyes in each. He also stated that he had not planted or sown any kind of seed for ten years without a coating of tar, and in preparing his potatoes for planting he dissolved one pint of tar in three pails of boiling water, and added four pails of water afterwards. This solution he either poured over his seed potatoes, so that each got a coating, or the potatoes were dipped in it and then sprinkled with plaster. He stated that he formerly had no trouble in raising five hundred bushels per acre, but of late he could not do this. Though one year he had raised at the rate of four hundred and fifty bushels per acre, yet he seldom averaged above three hundred bushels.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SEED POTATOES.—B. K. Williams, of Cold Water, Mich., states that he has been experimenting upon seed potatoes for several years, and he finds one-quarter of the seed generally used is an improvement. From one to two eyes in a hill, he says, will produce more potatoes, of more even size, and less subject to decay, than any larger amount of seed.—We think our farmers generally have been tending to the same theory for several years, although they have not perhaps carried it to that extent. The English and Irish farmers say that we use three times the seed they do, and that as a consequence we get more small potatoes and less large ones than they do, and not so good aggregate crops.

Useful Receipts.

CHILDREN'S FRUIT DUMPLING.—Invert a plate in a preserve kettle, or an iron or brass kettle. Put in a quart or more of sliced apples or pears. Put in no water or sugar, but simply roll out some common dough an inch thick, and just large enough to cover them, and hang it over the fire fifteen or twenty minutes. When the fruit is cooked, the dough will have risen to a fine puff, and also be cooked. There must not be anything laid on the top of the dough to prevent it from rising, but the kettle may be covered. When it is done take off the dough cover, with a fork and skimmer, put it on to a plate, pour the fruit into a round dish, put the cover on and eat it with a sweet sauce. It is more healthful, and much better than dumplings boiled the common way.

WASHING CALICOES.—Calico clothes, before they are put in water, should have the grease spots rubbed out, as they cannot be seen when the whole of the garment is wet. They should never be washed in very hot soap suds; that which is middling warm will cleanse them quite as well, and will not extract the colors so much.

Soft soap should never be used for calicoes, except for the various shades of yellow, which look the best washed with soft soap, and not rinsed in fair water, and dried in the shade.

SETTING THE COLORS.—When calicoes incline to fade, the colors can be set by washing them in lukewarm water, with beef's gall, in the proportion of a teacupful to four or five gallons of water. Rinse them in fair water; no soap is necessary, without the clothes are very dirty. If so, wash them in lukewarm suds, after they have been first rubbed out in beef's gall water.

The beef's gall can be kept several months by squeezing out of the skin in which it is inclosed, adding salt to it, and bottled and corked tight. A little vinegar in rinsing water of red and green calicoes, is good to brighten the colors, and keep them from mixing.

CLEANING SPONGES.—Buttermilk is excellent for cleaning sponges. Steep the sponges in the milk for some hours; then squeeze it out, and wash in cold water.

MOSS IN GRAVEL WALKS.—Select a dry day, then fill your brewing copper with water, and when it boils water your gravel, from a watering-pot with a rose on, with the boiling liquid, which we find a perfect cure. We adopt this plan with all our gravel walks to kill the weeds, which it does effectually, and never loosens the gravel, which we consider a great desideratum.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 2, 5, 38, 30, was a Roman tyrant.
My 6, 8, 13, 44, was an ancient Queen.
My 47, 15, 49, 33, 1, 9, was the father of a Grecian hero at the siege of Troy.
My 4, 11, 9, 2, 47, was an Italian poet.
My 10, 17, 46, 48, 3, 9, were giants of old.
My 34, 40, 15, 24, 14, 28, 42, was the daughter of Minos.
My 23, 50, 33, 40, 11, was the goddess of flowers.
My 36, 19, 12, 27, 9, was the wife of a celebrated blacksmith.
My 45, 6, 18, 41, 48, was an ancient sorceress.
My 20, 39, 44, 45, 22, 43, 37, was a hero at the siege of Troy.
My 45, 29, 2, 47, 46, 48, 27, 31, was a famous monster.
My 7, 11, 35, 16, 30, was the founder of the Waldenses.
My 31, 37, 21, 46, 44, 28, was a celebrated philosopher.
My 16, 1, 26, 4, 27, 40, 38, 1, 9, was a river in Campania.
My 32, 27, 34, 29, 2, 11, was the goddess of robbers.
My 45, 29, 31, 47, 9, was a celebrated judge of old.
My 3, 37, 9, 4, 33, 40, was a grandson of Neptune.
My 46, 17, 12, 5, 6, 44, 9, was an island near Troy.
My 45, 19, 18, 15, 46, 34, 3, 28, 11, was the goddess of healing.

My whole is an extract from a song, and should be the watchword of every true American.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "HUCKLEBERRY."

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Before my first the young man stood,
With lofty mien and flashing eye,
Heeding not his opponent's jest,
Seeing not the crowd that's nigh.

Upon my second the victim lay,
Far removed from busy marts;
Nor heaving sigh nor flowing tear
Can move those iron hearts.

Within my home are soldiers brave,
Some in joy, some in sorrow,
Thinking of loved ones far away
And the fight upon the morrow.

Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A king of Italy.
One of the demi-gods.
A cup bearer of Jupiter.
A god of the Scandinavians.
A goddess.
One of the rural deities.
The wife of Saturn.
The daughter of air and earth.
Another of the gods.
An Egyptian god.
The king of a city in Messinia.
A god punished in the infernal regions.

The initials will form the name of a celebrated man. J. W. HALL.

Williamsport, Pa.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Paint me soon, C.	Go! I shan't sin.
Into ten acorns.	C is a patient.
Verse or paint.	Dear me, pet it.
I true girl, U. C.	Pagan rose.
O! I miss our pan.	I sent Paul Co.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a farm to be in the form of an ellipse, the major axis to be 70 chains and the circumference of said farm is 190.0097152091 chains; now suppose a maximum rectangle be inscribed within this farm, what will be the area of each of the four segments cut off by the sides of said rectangle and also the area of the whole farm?

Fenna, Oneida Co., N. Y. S. G. CALHOUN.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a pane of glass 8 by 10 inches costs 4 cents, what is the dimensions (in the same proportion) of one that 8 cents will purchase?

Tuscarawas Co., Ohio. W. B. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a man pitching hay, like a good paymaster? Ans.—Because he forks over.

☞ Why is a thriving tradesman like a lump of ice? Ans.—Because he is solvent.

☞ What is that which makes all women equally pretty? Ans.—Putting the candles out.

☞ When is a girl *mad?* Ans.—When she causes one to *sigh for* her. (Cypher.)

☞ Sambo says, "Why am de belubed Dinah like de cloth they make in Lowell?" Ans.—"Cos she's an unbleached sheeting."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Philosopher. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Nathaniel Hawthorne. REBUS.—Butler. (Borneo, Utica, Tortugas, Luzon, Elizabeth, Roanoke.) GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.—Kollum, in Asia. (Kalhari, Omen, Ladoga, Illinois, Marari, Asia.) ANAGRAMS.—Qualification, Appreciation, Celebrated, Historical, Revolutionary, Performance, Encouragement, Adventure.

☞ An amusing sword presentation was made on the 17th by the officers of the 79th Pennsylvania to their Colonel, Wm. Sirwell. The presentation speech of Capt. Gillespie was: "Here *we* are, and here *it* is. This is a bully sword, and comes from bully fellows. Take it and use it in a bully manner." Colonel Sirwell's reply was: "Captain, that was a bully speech. Let us take a bully drink."

☞ QUEER NAMES.—Some of the Penobscot Indians have queer names, as for instance—Joe Blasaway, Widow Sarah Crow, Pole Susop Molly, Saul Ninepence, Molly Molasses, Joe Sockbasco, &c.